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A Carol of Love.

Love, Love, tender Love, Love of the gentle hand,
Love with the bright breast, Love of the white breast,
Crowned in every land,—

Laughing and singing, with tripping feet,
Fair as the sunshine, O Love, O Sweet,
Sweet, Sweet,
With tripping feet,

And low glad laughter, and low glad song,
Laugh with us, sing to us, dwell with us long!

Gold, gold, tangled gold, gold of the drifting hair,
Bright in the sunshine, bright in the moonshine,
Stream in the buoyant air!

Veiled fire of dream-blue eyes
Gleaming upon us from cloudless skies!
Fair, fair,
With dreamy hair,

Ripples of laughter and sweet, sweet song,
Laugh with us, sing to us, dwell with us long!

Song, song, tremulous song, song of the singing
spheres,

Thrilling with gladness, thrilling with madness,
Brimming with laughter and tears,
Ringing around us with tripping feet,
Golden-haired, dream-eyed, wondrously sweet,
Sweet, Sweet,

With dainty feet,
Winsomely comes she, tripping along—
Laugh with us, sing to us, dwell with us long!

MORTIMER WHEELER.

Staccato.

Music is food to such a universal instinct of humanity that sweet sounds can never be out of fashion, and perhaps if one were to sum up all the band performances at the seaside and in the parks of the great towns, and all the singing and playing about hearths and homes, it might be found that in quantity harmony is as rife now in brilliant July as ever it was in "dear-nighted December."

But music, besides being a fund of common enjoyment, is an art, and in this creative aspect it is for the present almost at a standstill in this country. There are no new works being produced; scarcely any of the great classics are to be heard in the concert-room, and by consequence the most distinguished artistes are holiday-making, so that mediocrity has for the time being a clear field and plenty of favour.

ONCE more a report of precious MSS. by Beethoven and Schubert, being discovered in Vienna, reaches us. Remembering the elaborate hoax which was attempted a short time ago in the alleged discovery of a pianoforte

concerto by Beethoven, never heard of before, it may be as well to be cautious in accepting such statements. The Beethoven MS. is said to be that of the score of "Die Weihe des Hauses," and the Schubert one of an opera supposed to be lost.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON'S new home at Madrid, where she will live after her coming marriage with the Comte de Miranda, is decorated in somewhat singular fashion, if we are to believe the *Indépendance Belge*. Wreaths, garlands, and faded bouquets presented to the singer, cover the walls of the drawing-room, the boudoir is papered with the scores of the different operas in which Madame Nilsson has sung, and the billiard-room is hung with laudatory articles cut from the journals of all nations. So at least declares the Brussels organ.

Do any of our fair readers recognize the following description? "That demoniacal instrument of torture,—that heartless, soulless, brilliant, facile, confounded 'arrangement' in wire, wash-leather, ivory, ebony, and fret-work, with bishoplike legs"—such is Mr. G. A. Sala's description of the pianoforte in a recent number of the *Illustrated News*. He advises ladies to have less to do with the "demoniacal" instrument and cultivate modern Greek instead. We, on the contrary, would advise our friends not to let modern Greek keep them from acquiring a proper and efficient style of playing, as we think that would be one way, at any rate, of making the pianoforte in their hands an instrument of torture indeed.

THE *Pall Mall* correspondent on a holiday cruise in the North Sea with the fishing fleet, evidently has a pleasant time of it in his way: he writes—

"All through the first watch of the night the singer on deck sings us a lullaby, and long after he is gone his hymn tunes are still floating in the air to other words, which seem to be written specially for this singing sailor with his strong figure, his daring, flashing eyes, and his evident delight in all his work:—

"The singer, upward springing,
Is grander than his singing,
And tranquil, self-sufficing joy illumines the dark of thoughts."

Jack afloat is evidently a very much better man than Jack ashore. Those who take an interest in the Deep Sea Mission may put much innocent pleasure into the lives of the toilers of the sea by sending them old tune-books, magazines, &c., to Bridge House, 18 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

A NEW symphony by Anton Bruckner, an Austrian composer, appears to be an

ardent admirer and imitator of Wagner, was promised to be produced at the Richter concert of June 21. But the fates were unpropitious, and we must wait until Richter gives us an opportunity of hearing the work in the autumn or next spring. The explanation of its non-performance this season is a curious one. On the first day of rehearsal the conductor was suffering from so severe an attack of hoarseness that he was not able to give sufficiently audible directions to the band, and the work had to be laid aside for a more familiar one—the "Pastoral Symphony." Hoarseness is a very common complaint among vocalists, but for a conductor to be disabled by it is happily an event of rare occurrence.

CURIOSITY respecting Bruckner and his works had been aroused by a cleverly written paper on the subject inserted as an *entr'acte* in the book of words of the preceding Richter concert. One statement contained in this is so remarkable that it deserves quotation. We are told that in 1871 he paid a visit to this country, and on one occasion, while improvising at the Crystal Palace, "was so carried away by his feelings, and played in so inspired a manner, that the blowers were unable to supply the necessary amount of wind!" The moral of this is evidently that inspired artists are not as other men, and ought to be specially looked after. We have heard of Beethoven and Liszt smashing pianoforte strings on occasion, of excited tenors causing real wounds with stage daggers, but Herr Bruckner's feat is almost without parallel among energetic performances. After this, it is not surprising to hear that he is a devoted Wagnerite.

A SHORT time ago Madame —, one of our most eminent English pianists, fulfilled an engagement under very extraordinary circumstances. She had received a letter from a titled lady requesting her to go down to her country seat for a few days and there give some pianoforte performances. On arriving at the house Madame — found that the sister of the writer of the letter was dangerously ill—indeed, fast approaching her end—and had entreated that in her last moments some of the most beautiful of Beethoven's slow movements might be played to her. A pianoforte was taken into the bedroom, and at this for several days Madame — played Beethoven's loveliest music so long as the dying lady's state permitted of it, in this way soothing her last moments, just as the Countess Potocka did when singing Stradella's "Hymn to the Virgin" by Chopin's bedside. In the present instance the poor lady may literally be said to have passed away to the sound of the sweet music softly heard in that chamber of suffering.

The London Musical Season.

THE classic phrase, "A voice and nothing else," is far too truly applicable, in more ways than one, to the music offered us, season after season. Passing by the obvious allusion that such a text would furnish to the characteristics of many vocalists, a very appropriate sermon might be preached on it *à propos* of the new music we have listened to of late. It filled our ears, it occupied our thoughts for the time—and then, the echoes died away—*præterea nihil!* Of course, it has been very much the same from the beginning, and no one need complain if the yearly outcome of permanent additions to the world's musical repertory is but small. What does that outcome indicate—progress or retrogression, purer aims and truer interpretations of Nature's voices on the part of composers, and nobler tastes and better intelligence on the part of the public, or the reverse—is the really important matter to consider.

Now that the season is over we can calmly review the gains and losses, and pronounce a judgment on it as a whole. That judgment, we are happy to say, must this time be a favourable one. In many respects so brilliant a season, from the artistic point of view, has not been known for a long time. Has not Liszt been here and been lionized? And Mme. Schumann and Rubinstein and Saint-Saëns, have they not done us special honour by visits only rarely to be looked for? Of new and important compositions produced for the first time in London, the list is an unusually long one. Among these we must count Gounod's "Mors et Vita," Cowen's "Sleeping Beauty," and Dvorák's "Spectre Bride"—first produced at the Birmingham Festival, and when repeated in London, all in their various ways received with approval. Mackenzie's "Troubadour," a new opera heard for the first time at Drury Lane under the Carl Rosa management; sundry Symphonic Poems by Liszt, produced in honour of the great pianist during his visit here, and sadly vexing the souls of many lovers of pure music; violin concertos by Mackenzie, Dvorák, and Moskowski; a new symphony by Brahms, as also a symphony by Saint-Saëns and suite by Moskowski; a new pianoforte concerto by Mr. Oliver King, besides several quintets, quartets, and trios by more or less well-known German composers, first heard in this country at Mme. Frickenhaus' and at Mr. Charles Halle's concerts of chamber music.

The operatic season has been a remarkable one, but it cannot be called a brilliant one in any respect. Mr. Carl Rosa's four weeks at Drury Lane, with English opera, did not equal previous seasons in interest. "The Troubadour," owing to its gloomy and repellent libretto, was a semi-failure, and "Carmen" was the only piece that seemed quite to retain the popularity of former years.

At Covent Garden Italian Opera has struggled through, but neither financially nor artistically has it been very satisfactory. No new work has been produced: "Society" did not take very kindly to Italian Opera in the absence of Patti, and Signor Lago can hardly congratulate himself on more than a *succès d'estime*.

No new artists of any great mark have appeared this year, while we have suffered the loss of Mr. Joseph Maas, a tenor of the first rank.

Of instrumental music, undoubtedly the most interesting performances have been the Historical Recitals by Herr Rubinstein in St. James' Hall,

which have been attended with extraordinary success. Next to these in popular favour have come the concerts given by Signor Sarasate.

And now all, artists and audiences alike, are dispersed far and wide, in foreign cities, on the hills, and by the sea, in search of rest and change—to meet again, it is to be hoped, when the chiller autumn days are once more upon us.

The Three Choirs Festival.

EVERY three years Gloucester finds itself famous—that is, famous in so much as the London papers do then devote each of them a whole column of their space to the transactions of the triennial music meeting. The London critics take the place by storm. They discover beauties in the landscape, and architectural delights. Their active minds are filled with recollections of a past age. They discover Gloucester to be something more than one would imagine from a cursory glance at its "lions," and a hurried promenade through its quiet streets. They find it to be a place of great historical and antiquarian interest. It was one of the most important stations of our rude forefathers, the ancient Britons, before the Christian era. The Romans made it one of their most important settlements, and even to this day the stock of Roman remains which these good men of old time left behind is not exhausted, an excellent specimen of a tessellated pavement being discovered only the other day in the course of some excavating work. As in Roman and Saxon history, Gloucester, the capital of the beautiful county to which it gives its name, played an important part, so in later times it became the scene of the coronation, the courts of assembly, the death-beds, and the funerals of monarchs. When the Royalists and Parliamentarians were striving for the mastery, a royal council was held within the city's ancient walls to decide the fate of an English king and his country. Edward the Confessor made Gloucester his home; Henry III. was crowned in its grand cathedral; the city was the last resting-place for the bones of the murdered Edward. The London critics discover these things every three years, and their hearts are rejoiced. True, they find much of Gloucester's ancient glory departed. Bristol on the one hand, and Cheltenham on the other hand, have reduced its commerce and drawn away its fashionable votaries. Rich as the city and the surrounding neighbourhood is in historical associations, it is poor in spirit, lacking in enterprise, and absolutely wanting in all manner of attractions. Its inhabitants are a century behind. No public swimming-bath or public library yet grace its streets; the home of the drama is untenanted nine months out of the twelve. Docks it has, but few ships avail themselves of its harbour. It is not even "celebrated for pin-making," as we were taught in our school-days in the unrevised version of Cornwall's Geography. Ichabod! Ichabod! The pace in the race for wealth and for supremacy in the commercial struggle has been too fast, and its good citizens hug their cherished historical record with the comforting knowledge that in that respect at any rate they can lay claim to superiority over their more prosperous neighbours.

But on the occasion of the meeting of the Three Choirs there is unwonted activity. The nakedness of the land is hidden from the visitors during the Festival week. The city for the nonce is given over to gaiety. The trades-

men show an honest rivalry in the adornment of their places of business, and the inhabitants add to the brilliance of the scene by living in a chronic state of "Sunday best." The growth of the Festival of the Three Choirs into one of the recognized musical gatherings of the year has been slow but sure. From small beginnings there has arisen an institution which commands the attention of the whole musical world. Inseparably connected with the origin and progress of the meeting of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, is the charity which was in reality its *raison d'être*. Its history commences as far back as 1724, when the members of the Cathedral Choirs above mentioned, with other lovers of the sacred muse, had for some years held an annual meeting in rotation "for the purposes of enjoying the pleasures of harmony." Had it not been for Dr. Bisse, then Chancellor of Hereford, these gatherings might have continued to be held and the world have been none the wiser. But the happy thought occurred to this learned divine to make the meeting a charitable institution. The suggestion was thrown out in the course of a sermon preached by Dr. Bisse in St. Paul's Cathedral before the Sons of the Clergy. It annoyed the good doctor to think that thousands of clergymen were labouring in the ministry day and night, under such conditions that they, their wives, and their little ones "would be glad of the fragments which fell from the impropiator's table." "There are thousands of cures," he said, "of different titles and tenures, the yearly maintenance whereof, I blush to speak it, are inferior to the usual hire and support of the meanest domestic; so much less regard is paid by men to those who wait at God's table, than to those who stand round their own." To amend this state of things, which it must be remarked is still a crying disgrace, the preacher made a proposal that at these annual meetings there should be a collection at the church-door for charitable purposes; and the members that year being assembled at Gloucester the movement was practically inaugurated by the issue of the following handbill:—

"These are to give notice that to-morrow, viz., Thursday the 10th instant (September), there will be a collection made after morning service at the Cathedral door, for placing out, or assisting to the education and maintenance of the orphans of the poorer clergy belonging to the dioceses of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford, or of the members of the three respective choirs; to be disposed of by six stewards, members of the society, clergymen and gentlemen respectively, belonging to the said dioceses."

The success which attended Dr. Bisse's proposals, and the spirit with which the good people of the city of Gloucester entered into the charitable object, led Dr. Bisse to recommend the charity to Worcester the following year (1725), and in the year following that Hereford also adopted the suggestion after a further eloquent sermon, by the same preacher, who proved something of a prophet. "Though members may go off as their wills vary, or as their affairs require, yet, by the accession of others, the society may subsist unto many years, yea, generations, tending to the furtherance of God's glory, in the exaltation of His holy worship, to the improvement of our choirs, the credit of our foundations, to the benefit of our cities, the comfort of the fatherless, to the delight of mankind, of ourselves, and all that come nigh us." The prophecy has been verified to the letter, as witness the scope and general tendency of later meetings of the Three Choirs.

The course of the Three Choirs Festival has not always run smoothly. Many years later the proceeds of the annual gathering became comparatively insignificant, and in 1778 an institution was set on foot at Worcester, in aid of the annual division made by the stewards. The

beneficed clergy were to subscribe a sum not exceeding one guinea each, no set sum being prescribed for the opulent laity. The funds of the society were thereby enriched considerably, and in 1786 Gloucester adopted a similar course.

But it was not until 1794 that the stewards made themselves responsible, through a guarantee fund, for any deficiencies. They were allowed a ticket for the performances, and had to pay forfeits if such tickets were not used, the forfeitures and produce of the tickets to go towards defraying the expense of the band; and by the last entry of an agreement for meeting in 1796 it was agreed "to perform concerts of music, and to continue together for three days." The meetings each year assumed larger proportions and the expenses went on increasing. In 1798 there was a difficulty in finding responsible guarantors, and but for the intervention of the Duke of Norfolk, who persuaded some of the most renowned performers of that day (including Banti, the *prima donna*; Lindley, violoncellist; and Dragonetti, contra-bassist) to afford their gratuitous assistance, the Festival would, in all probability, have collapsed. From this date the number of stewards was increased, and so individual responsibility was decreased, and the prospects of the Festival brightened. There is now a great army of stewards, the Queen is president, the institution has increased in favour with the musical and general public, and the meeting of the Three Choirs has come to be regarded as one of the greatest events in the musical history of the year. The programme for the meeting to be held at Gloucester in September presents an array of instrumental and vocal talent which should command the attention of all lovers of music, as it includes a new work by Mr. Rockstro, a new overture by Dr. C. H. H. Parry, Mr. Cowen's "Sleeping Beauty," and the oratorios which have long formed so conspicuous a feature in the programme.

Musical Life in London.

IF concerts were to be judged by big audiences, those given during the past month by Mr. Ambrose Austin in the Royal Albert Hall, with Mme. Patti as principal vocalist, would certainly take the first prize. On several occasions the attendance has reached ten thousand, and in every way the concerts have been most brilliantly successful. Even apart from Mme. Patti's presence, the reason of this was not far to seek. Not believing in the *ma femme et quatre poupées* theory of Mme. Caradori's husband, Mr. Ambrose Austin had engaged vocalists of the first rank, such as Mesdames Trebelli, Winant (a very accomplished contralto singer from America), Messrs. Lloyd, Foli, Santley, besides M. de Pachmann as pianist, and Signori Papini and Albertini, and Miss Nellie Carpenter to play violin solos. In addition, there was a very competent band to accompany, and give orchestral selections, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Cusins. The charm of Mme. Patti's singing is no whit diminished. True, she does not now indulge in the high notes with which we were once so familiar, but *en revanche* her lower notes have singularly developed, and the rich uniform sweetness of her voice, considering the years it has been exercised, is simply marvellous. To hear "Bel Raggio," "Ah for sè lui," "Il Bacio," the "Echo Song," or "Home, sweet Home," and

"Comin' thro' the Rye"—in varied styles, but all given with faultless vocalization and exquisitely true expression—must delight the most fastidious. She had been announced to sing in the "Miserere" scene from "Trovatore" and a duet from "Linda" with Mr. Sims Reeves, but the great tenor has unfortunately been suffering of late from hay-fever, and his place was taken by Signor Nicolini, a gentleman who would be wise not to emerge for the future from the comfortable private life now secured to him. Mme. Patti leaves in November for America, for a tour said to be a "farewell" one, and the first concert in New York will take place on Nov. 15.

ALTHOUGH Signor Lago has not been able to produce anything in the way of novelties in Italian opera at Covent Garden, he has done unexpectedly well under circumstances which no doubt were of peculiar difficulty. During the past month Mme. Albani has appeared in "Lohengrin" and shown how truly she deserved Von Bülow's title of "the ideal Elsa," and M. Maurel, the famous French baritone, in "Don Giovanni" and "Il Barbière," has done splendidly. But perhaps the greatest success of the season has been that of a lady previously unknown in this country. Miss Ella Russell has been lately singing in "Faust" and "Il Barbière," and has proved herself to be one of the most accomplished opera singers on the stage. "Zampa" and "Colomba," which had been promised, were not produced, but this I understand has been through no fault of the *impresario*.

To explore new fields in music is always interesting, and although Russian music is not unknown to us, yet the Russian songs of the people are seldom heard out of their own country. The visit of the Dmitri Slavianski D'Agneff choir has been one of the events of the season, though I am not prepared to say that the magnificent dresses representing Russian costumes of the olden time have not had something to do with their success. M. Slavianski is a man of unusual bulk and stature, and he possesses an agreeable tenor voice, which he uses with great effect in some of the Folk songs, which are in the form of dialogue between the soloist and the chorus. Mme. Slavianski, also most gorgeously attired, is understood to have arranged most of the music, and she and her daughters have prominent places on the platform. Some of the voices of the choir, consisting of about sixty performers, especially the children's and the bass voices, are remarkably fine, and there is one bass singer whose range goes down to the B below the line, and whose voice has been the astonishment of London amateurs—its sound is like that of a deep organ-pipe. The choir has evidently been carefully trained, and some of the *ppp*, as in the Boatmen's Song on the Volga, representing the music gradually dying away in the distance, are very fine. The songs are most of them of very simple form, with quaint and naive phrases that have a singular charm of their own. In one, an old hymn to the Czar, the melody introduced by Beethoven in the second of the Razoumowski quartets was to be recognized. Besides concerts in St. James' Hall and Drury Lane Theatre, the choir have sung before the Queen and the Prince of Wales on several occasions.

THE series of Richter concerts was brought to a close with Beethoven's colossal Mass in D, on June 28. The tremendous difficulties of this work were bravely encountered, and if they were not in every case overcome the choir deserve the utmost credit for their rendering of the "Credo," the "Gloria," "Kyrie," and other

exacting choruses. The principals were Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Lena Little, Mr. Winch, and Mr. Henschel, about as good a quartet for the purpose as could have been found. At the close Richter was called and recalled several times to the platform by the audience, desirous of showing their appreciation of his labours during the season. These concerts have now an assured place of their own that no others can quite touch on. The "intense" in music, whether it be in Schubert's symphony in C, a Liszt rhapsody, or an overture or orchestral arrangement of Wagner's music, is nowhere else so finely drawn out as under Dr. Richter's potent bâton.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S choir, if not quite maintaining its old reputation, is still in the front rank for part-singing. At the concert in St. James' Hall last month there was a judicious commingling of old and new in the programme. Among pieces produced for the first time were, "Rove not to the Rhine," by Mr. John C. Ward; and "All is peace," by Mr. Berthold Tours, both very favourably received; and Mr. Leslie's own clever "Let me play the fool" was also given, besides many fine old part-songs by Pearsall, Weelkes, and others. But the singing of the choir was not alone relied on at this concert. Mme. Albani, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley sang; and M. de Pachmann, recovered from a disagreeable attack of chicken-pox that had necessitated his giving up several engagements of late, played some pianoforte solos.

NOTWITHSTANDING rumours to the contrary, it is now officially announced that a season of Promenade Concerts, as heretofore under the direction of Mr. Gwyllym Crowe, is to be given at Covent Garden Theatre, commencing on August 14. These, no doubt, supply a want, and it would be both ungracious and untrue to assert that the cause of music is not benefited by them. Excellent performances of whole symphonies and concertos, besides excerpts from classical works, have in previous years been given, and it is probable that the promoters do all they can and dare in the way of giving good music. At the same time it must be confessed that a majority of the audiences are attracted by advantages of a much lower kind, and find in the refreshment-bars and smoking-rooms, &c., bountifully provided for them, delights more easily appreciated. And while these concerts are the resort of so many, to put it mildly, of the most frivolous of both sexes, it is impossible to regard them with anything but qualified approval.

OF concerts of the month—there have been the usual number of benefit concerts, which, however interesting to the giver and her or his friends, cannot pretend to have much to do with musical history. Among these was Mme. Cellini's, a lady with an extensive *clientèle* among the aristocracy, who gave us the supreme pleasure of hearing an easy arrangement of the "Bridal March" in "Lohengrin," played by eight titled ladies on four pianos. Mr. Theodore Werner, a rising young violinist from Holland, gave a concert at the Lyric Club; Signor Del Puente, known as an accomplished singer in opera, did the same at Steinway Hall; Mr. G. W. Cusins, at St. James' Hall; Mdle. Barbi, at Princes' Hall; and Mme. Sinico also gave a concert, introducing her daughter, Miss Amalia Sinico, a young lady with a pleasant and well-trained soprano voice, to the public. There will now be a short interval for refreshment in the way of rest and change for artists and critics alike, of which among others will gladly avail himself your signatory,

J. J. L.

Carl Reinecke.

DR. CARL REINECKE is undoubtedly one of the foremost of the musicians of our times, distinguished by many-sided culture and many-sided talent. Dr. Reinecke, who, in September 1885, celebrated his twenty-fifth jubilee as conductor of the celebrated Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, may look back with pride on a quarter of a century of extensive and most successful activity. With pride he can acknowledge, that whatever he has attained he owes only to himself, thanks to his restless zeal and untiring efforts.

We will sketch in a few words how his energy has led him by degrees to the prominent position he now occupies in the musical history of our times.

Carl Reinecke was born in Altona on the 23rd of June, 1824. When only a child he showed considerable musical talent. This talent was developed and fostered with the greatest care by his father, to whom he almost entirely owes his musical education. How great his talent was appears from a little occurrence when the little boy was only six years old. String-quartets were frequently performed in the paternal home, to listen to which was one of the child's greatest treats. One day the players repeatedly tried to keep together in a certain place, but in vain; the boy, who had been listening attentively, came forward and said, "The *cello* ought to join in a few bars later." They tried this and—harmony was restored.

The lessons which were given to this talented child, and which consisted—when he was only six years old—of lessons on the piano and on the violin as well as in musical theory, must have been excellent. This is proved by the success which followed the studies of the young musician, who was able when only twelve years old to play Beethoven's C major concerto in public. The boy made equal progress in his violin playing, also publicly appearing as violinist. His career as such was, however, cut short in Reinecke's twenty-second year, when he broke his left arm.

The intellectual food offered to him in his study-time consisted of the works of all the eminent composers from Bach to Mendelssohn and Chopin.

It is curious to note that Robert Schumann, the composer to whom Reinecke felt himself particularly attracted later on, was not liked in his father's house and was entirely excluded from Reinecke's studies. The pupil could only occupy himself with this composer's works without the knowledge of his father. The practical study of the above-named instruments went hand in hand with a diligent study of theory. The severest exercises in counterpoint formed the basis of the mastery which Reinecke now possesses as a composer.

The father furthered the education of his son thoroughly in every direction until the year 1840, when the great event for every composer occurred—viz., the first public performance of a work, in this case a Concertstück for pianoforte and orchestra. However much the young man after this performance desired to go forth into the world, he was nevertheless obliged still to content himself with the narrow musical surroundings of his native town. The artist had to learn the bitterness of existence; means for further study were wanting, and even the necessities of life he had to earn by teaching. Only after three years' toil his special longing for Leipzig—which already at that time was famed as the town of music *par excellence*—was to be gratified by King Christian VIII. of Denmark, to whom he applied for a stipend. The journey which he undertook for this purpose offered

many interesting incidents, as, for instance, his introduction to the composer Niels W. Gade, and the celebrated violinist W. Ernst, with whom Reinecke gave a concert in Kiel.

At last, in November 1843, the long looked-for move to Leipzig took place, and now his fame soon began to spread. His introduction to Gade bore good fruit, it opened for Reinecke the house of the then conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, Ferdinand Hiller, and also that of Mendelssohn. The acquaintance of Schumann, which he made shortly afterwards, proved of great assistance. What sympathy this composer had for his young colleague is shown not only by the dedication of his Op. 72 to Reinecke later on, but also by the fact that Schumann entrusted him with the pianoforte arrangements of many of his works; he even asked Reinecke to undertake the instrumentation of his composition, "The Rose's Pilgrimage." Shortly after his arrival Reinecke introduced himself to the Leipzig public as pianist in the "Gewandhaus" and in the "Euterpe." Soon he became so well known that he found himself able, in the beginning of the year 1846, to undertake his first concert tour in Northern Germany, which was crowned with great and brilliant success.

In the same year he could return as accomplished artist to Copenhagen, which had first opened the world to the modest beginner. There he was at once created Court pianist by the king, and was received with open arms by a number of distinguished artists, among whom were the Danish authors, Andersen and Oehlenschläger, the violinist Ernst, the celebrated singer Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, and other interesting personages. His stay in this town, during which occurred the above-mentioned accident to his left arm, was ended only by the rise of Schleswig-Holstein against Denmark, which caused Reinecke to return home.

After staying in Leipzig till the autumn, he spent the following winter in Bremen, where he gave several concerts, with Jenny Lind and also with Franz Liszt. After which, desirous to get more known in other countries, he visited Paris, where he appeared most successfully in several concerts. As fate would have it, Hiller happened to be in Paris at that time, who persuaded Reinecke to accept a post as Professor of Piano and Theory at the Conservatoire of Cologne. After remaining there several years Reinecke began, in 1854, that function which ever since has been a chief factor of his calling—conducting. He entered this sphere of conductor in Barmen, where he lived five years as musical director. He then went as musical director of the University and conductor of the "Singakademie" to Breslau. But he was not to stay long in Breslau. His fame had already spread so much, that a year later he received the honourable invitation to come to Leipzig as conductor of the "Gewandhaus Concerts" and as Professor at the Conservatoire. This invitation was of course joyfully accepted, and he returned as a famed artist to the place which, in his early years, had appeared to him an almost unattainable goal.

This position he has now occupied in Leipzig for more than twenty-five years, happy in the circle of a numerous family, crowned with many successes as composer, as pianist, and as conductor. His compositions brought him great fame in Germany as well as in foreign countries. He became known as an eminent pianist by repeated concert tours. The numerous invitations to conduct musical festivals show how much his ability as conductor is appreciated. As such, and as teacher, Carl Reinecke occupies a position in Leipzig which exercises in every direction a great and useful influence on the musical life of that town. The Leipzig University, justly acknowledging his merits, bestowed last year on Reinecke the degree of "Doctor honoris causâ," on the occasion of the inauguration of the new Gewandhaus.

The compositions of Reinecke are distinguished by unusual nobility of expression and inspiration. This does not only apply to his greater works, as, for instance, his tragic opera, "King Manfred," etc., but also to his symphonies, overtures, concertos, etc.

Reinecke has created a new species of composition, his special property, the musical fairy-tales for female voices and solos with pianoforte accompaniment and recitation—"Cinderella," "The Enchanted Swans," "Sleeping Beauty," "Little Snowdrop." These contain so much that is beautiful, that they must take rank among the most charming compositions of their kind, and they alone would have sufficed, had it been necessary, to render Reinecke's name popular. The same might be said of his songs, of which the greater number are widely known. We only mention the delicious "Guten Abend, lieber Mondenschein," and the charming "Schelm." He also has a special vein of musical humour: his overture to Goethe's "Fair of Plundersweilen" is in this respect a masterpiece. We must add his music for four hands to the fairy tale, "Nut-cracker and Mouse-king," which the celebrated æsthetic, W. Ambros, honoured with a special article, and in which composition a humorous, fairy-like tone has been so happily hit, that in the whole of the literature of the pianoforte nothing can be found to compare with it and worthy to be placed by its side. To what extent the composer understands and feels like the little folks is demonstrated by his numerous children's songs, and the delightful children's opera, "Good-luck and Bad-luck."

Reinecke's fame as pianist is not less great. In this province also he has a speciality in which he is surpassed by nobody; it is his playing of Mozart's pianoforte works, which he can render with the most enchanting grace. As accompanist of songs he stands unsurpassed, thanks to his fine musical feeling. Besides this, Reinecke is a most painstaking teacher, and has as such been exceedingly successful. Many a composer and pianist of fame was his pupil, and young musicians come from the most distant countries to have the advantage of his teaching.

Reinecke's private life also has many distinguishing traits. The nobility which distinguishes his music forms a feature of his character. He is always ready to assist young artists in the most disinterested manner. He is most amiable in his personal intercourse, and fascinating with his fine humour. No wonder that he knows how to captivate every one who only socially holds intercourse with him, as well as all those who know him more intimately, especially his pupils, who always remain devotedly attached to him. May he yet be spared for many years!

THE monument to Bellini erected on the Piazza San Pietro at Naples will be uncovered in a few days, we understand. It is the work of the sculptor Balzico. Figures of four of the composer's heroines—Norma, Amina, Giulietta, and Elvira—appear on the sides of the pedestal.

THE Continental papers announce that M. Rubinstein has definitely refused the offer of a concert tour in the United States. Towards the end of the year he will be the guest of the Queen of Roumania at Bucharest. He is said to be composing a new symphony for the Gewandhaus concerts, Leipzig.

To play Mendelssohn properly, one ought to play, say, Mozart before. All tendency toward a sentimental reading, even in certain melodic passages peculiar to him and of frequent occurrence in his works, should be abandoned. Let such passages be performed strictly and simply in time, with a full, even touch, and they will certainly be found to have more charm and more distinction played in this way than in agitated passionate *rubato*. Mendelssohn insisted above all things upon a rigid observance of time.—BOLLO.

A Dream of Spring.

By LESLIE KEITH, Author of "St. Cecilia,"
"The Chilcotes," etc.

TO those who do not care to carry England with them in travel, and who love to see something of a side of life not to be discerned on our sea-rimmed island, there are still nooks and crannies undiscovered by the advancing tourist horde; little Edens hidden among grassy silences, where an Arcadian simplicity of manner still prevails and guile is unknown.

These become year by year more difficult to find, and before another generation has grown grey Arcady will be dead, as dead as the great god Pan himself. Even in large cities, however, it is still possible to elude and cheat what we are pleased to call our superior British culture, and to surprise a flavour, at least, of native custom and habit. In the capital of Italy there is an hotel which shall be called here the Hotel Athena. It lies outside the circle of Anglo-American fashion, but very near the heart of ancient Rome—so near that you can climb the Capitoline of a morning before your coffee cools, and dream the Cæsars once again have come to power and glory, as you glance across at the ruins of their lordly palaces.

The Hotel Athena occupies one side of a square, which is decently grey and ancient to be in keeping with the hoary age all about it. Claiming one corner, stands a pseudo-Gothic church in very meretricious taste, where sleep two painters of gifts and graces differing as widely as the centuries that divided their lives. Here the worn, unbeautiful face of Fra Angelico (a mask that hid a saintly soul)—Fra Angelico—"Il Beato," as his brethren christened him, tenderest and most seraphic of artists, looks out at you; and here in florid words are set forth the merits of Angelica Kauffman—over-praised in her day, now sentenced in a calmer age to a lower place in the temple of fame.

Many British and American visitors go to look at the Florentine's bust, and at the famous example of Michael Angelo's work, but very few of them give more than a passing glance at the hotel, which, like some excellent people, presents its worst aspect outwards. Within there is a wide court with a cool, murmurous drip from a central fountain; and beyond in the great salon, where two hundred people can eat together in comfort, you get the best dinner that is to be had in Rome. The brotherhood of the Society of Jesus—who have few other pleasures in life—dine here daily, even on Fridays and holy days, when the fast is made to resemble a feast as near as circumstances permit. Thus there is a great proportion of tanned heads in the company. There are Russians too, long of name and barbarous of tongue; their hereditary foes of Poland are also to be seen, and there are many Germans. The absence of our own countrymen is best illustrated by the circumstance that there is no waiter who has made our tongue his special study.

Three English people, then, seated one spring day and sharing a meal with one hundred and ninety-seven strangers and foreigners, naturally felt themselves a little odd, though they probably exaggerated the importance this gave them in the eyes of their fellow-guests. The slight sense of embarrassment affected each differently. In the older of the two men it produced a faint amusement; truly the whirligig of time had brought about its own revenge; this babel of unknown tongues—this superior air of possession—did not these belong to the horde of outer barbarians, over whom old Rome had

held herself in proud supremacy? Here was a Nemesis, indeed. His companion—who ran him very near in years though he looked younger—hated and abhorred the unfamiliarity of his surroundings. It was hardly respectable, it was unconventional, it was odd, and to be like other people was dear to Mr. Brown. It was also extremely unpleasant not to be understood, and, moreover, resort to pantomime was undignified, not to say ridiculous, in an elderly gentleman. The young girl, third member of this trio, daughter of one and adopted daughter of the other, suffered many conflicting feelings. It was different from anything she had seen or imagined before, and therefore it had the charm of newness, and yet it was unpleasant to be stared at as if—as if—

"As if you were pretty," said Mr. Brown, finishing the unspoken thought—"Phoebe, Phoebe, this is no place for you."

"Since I am not pretty, do you think it matters?" said Miss Phoebe, who had a spice of mischief when she was not too shy to let it have its way.

Seated as she was with an old gentleman to guard her on either side, one would not suppose there was much danger, but—in spite of Mr. Brown—Phoebe was pretty, with the fresh, plump, innocent prettiness of a simple English country girl, who is good as well as good to look at; and where there is youth and beauty you cannot, be you the severest old guardian in the world, avert admiring looks.

Now there was seated at the other side of the salon at the second table which crossed the room from end to end, a young man, who undoubtedly looked a great deal at Phoebe Dace, with a pair of rather sad and very appealing dark eyes—eyes that said a great deal more, perhaps, than the young man could have put into words.

Phoebe was conscious of the glances that intercepted hers, and—so coquettish at heart is even your rustic maiden—perhaps she did not dislike them, not at least as much as did Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown was an excellent chaperon; he had as quick an instinct for detrimental and ineligible attentions as any woman; indeed, there was a great deal of the woman in this precise old gentleman. He had the limited imagination, the ready outleap towards a conclusion, the illogicality of the sex; but it must be added he had also the tact and the neat-handedness usually claimed by the better half of humanity; he packed more deftly than any maid, and always supervised the arrangement of his friend's portmanteau. He would have packed for Phoebe too, had she not shown herself quite equal to the task. The only thing Phoebe could not do was to prevent young men from looking at her and talking to her. From London southwards they had been a tribulation to Mr. Brown, and here in Rome was another!

"Dace, you shouldn't have come to this hotel," he said to his friend as they crossed the courtyard after dinner.

"Why not?" questioned Mr. Dace, gazing at an armless Hebe, mournfully regarding a changed world from her niche, while the fountain murmured in sympathy.

"Would you have had us go to the Angleterre to find a bit of the Cockney London we fled here to escape?"

"We should have gone to some place where Phoebe could have had proper companions. As for those Russians and Germans——" Mr. Brown threw out his hands with a gesture that expressed things unutterable.

"She has you," said Phoebe's father with a sly smile.

To be sure she had Mr. Brown—her godfather, almost grandfather—who was as good as four women in his careful anxiety for his girl-friend, but even he could not be always on the alert.

Phoebe went with her two protectors to the little drawing-room, which was deserted at this

hour, and she sang to them as she sang in the country house at home—a small music that showed no great skill, perhaps, but which was clear and tuneful as the note of some minor song-bird that helps to make up the chorus of the spring. It was a bit of the home-life transplanted to a foreign land; but for the gaily comfortless furniture and the floor but islanded here and there with meagre carpet, it might have been home in its silence and its freedom from intrusion.

Here, surely, Phoebe was safe enough, tucked into the corner of a red velvet sofa, with the sober companionship of Baedeker, safe enough to allow an old gentleman to take a comfortable nap after the toils of a day's sight-seeing. Good Mr. Brown slumbered peacefully with his handkerchief over his head and his spectacles dropping over his nose, while Mr. Dace wandered out and dreamed old classic dreams in the moonlight.

So it came to pass that Phoebe was left unguarded by the over-careful Brown and the over-negligent Dace, and being thus free she made such use of her liberty as maidens will.

When the sleeper awoke—feeling quite virtuous and comfortable, and of course, after the manner of nappers, confident that he had only shut his eyes and had heard all that passed around him—he was subjected to a considerable shock. In the first place, Phoebe had flown. His startled senses had hardly taken this in when he discovered her actually talking to the young man who had spoilt the flavour of his meal at dinner-time. The respectable and instructive Baedeker lay sprawling on the floor—Dace, of course, was nowhere, never was when there was the slightest call for his services.

"I believe he wouldn't see the need of interfering even if he were here," said Mr. Brown to himself with some bitterness. No anxious mamma in Mayfair could feel more dismayed than he, and yet the picture he looked on was charming in its way—pity that so many naughty things are charming! The little salon opened by a glass door on to the courtyard where the fountain kept time to Hebe's plainings, and there, in a silver streak of moonlight, stood the young girl, smiling, shy, yet pleased, and the young man—a handsome fellow—speaking with a low quick rush of words to which she lent a contented listening silence.

Before the dismayed Brown could step out with a summary dismissal of the objectionable intruder, the interview ended. The quick words which he could not distinguish were rounded off with a low bow of much grace, and Phoebe's good-night floated back into the room. She stood still while the stranger disappeared with rapid steps; when these had died off, she clasped her hands behind her head and paced the white silence once or twice; then, perhaps, conscious of an anxious face regarding her from within, she stepped back into the salon.

"Uncle Brown," she said (it was but a relationship of affection), "Uncle Brown, I have had a new experience."

"Not quite new, I think," he returned with a hint of dryness. "Did not the same thing occur in London—in Paris—in Mentone——"

"Oh, never, never!" she cried with gentle vehemence. "You mean the young men who spoke to me? Why, one was a clerk in a bank, and another a lawyer—most prosaic creatures; but this one, dear uncle, this one is a great musician—a famous violinist who is giving recitals all over Europe."

"He was his own trumpeter, no doubt" ("an impudent rascal of a strolling fiddler"), he added under his breath.

Phoebe shook her head.

"He didn't say one word of himself—not one. He spoke of my music—my music!" there was wondering self-scorn in her accent.

"Phoebe," said Mr. Brown, patiently begin-

ning the oft-used argument all over again, "I am much older than you." As this was self-evident, it seemed to call for no reply. "I am almost old enough to be your grandfather."

She nodded, "Yes, Uncle Brown."

"And therefore I ought to know a little more of the world," he went on with something of an effort, for the admission had cost him some moral heroism, and he did not like her ready acceptance of it.

"I think I know what the world would say," she remarked with a youthful disdain of its maxims; "but, dear Uncle Brown, you are not one of those cold, prudent, horrid people who always want to know all about a person's ancestors before they will so much as say good-morning to him. And if a very respectful and charming genius spoke to you, you would listen, wouldn't you?"

"But it is quite different," cried the perplexed Brown, feeling that he was getting the worst of the argument. "You have no mother."

"But if I have a father and—grandfather—doesn't that make up?"

"I am two months younger than your father, my dear." The excellent Brown's tone had an edge of offence and Phoebe was instantly penitent, and used one of the little wiles that was usually irresistible. She passed her hand through his arm and led him gently out into the moonlight. "I have been naughty," she said, "but really not in the way you think. Papa introduced Mr. Evensen to me. He is a Swede, but he speaks English quite perfectly. Papa had heard all about him in London, and was quite excited to meet him here. We are to go to his next recital—you too, of course. It was all arranged while you were—"

"I wasn't asleep," he protested with suspicious vehemence.

"While you were shutting your eyes for a moment," said Phoebe, showing her dimples. "Papa met him outside and introduced himself, and then brought him to me; and, Uncle Brown, it is really such a very red-letter day that I must go and put it all down in my diary before I grow too sleepy; so please forgive me, and say good-night."

Of course he was vanquished and of course she knew it, and enjoyed her triumph; but he meant to make a more serious stand with her father. Here too, however, it was a lost battle. Dace could never be made to see things with other people's eyes.

"The lad is a real genius," he said; "Phoebe was right enough there. She may live a long life without meeting his fellow in gifts. He is a modest youth, too; and since Phoebe must needs worship some one, she might have a worse hero."

"Have you reflected what may be the upshot of it all, Dace?"

Mr. Dace turned and looked at his friend composedly.

"I hope the result will be that my girl will be able to distinguish good music from bad, which she fails at present to do."

Certainly Phoebe was not likely to make mistakes of this nature in the future, for lack of opportunities of knowledge in the present. They had music now with a vengeance. Mr. Brown was one of those happily constituted people who like a tune—any tune will do, but the more lively and catching the better, unless it be of the whining and sentimental order. He could understand Phoebe's little trickle of song and drum tune to it with his fingers, and "Rule Britannia" or "God Save the Queen" made him glow with a delightful patriotism, especially when they were heard upon a foreign shore; but the young Swede's performances on the violin were to him but so much empty noise.

Nor is he to be greatly censured for his lack of appreciation; he was at one with most of his countrymen in the ignorance that is hereditary and is the growth of many centuries. If Mr.

Brown had been an Elizabethan gentleman he would have known better; but we have lost that finer instinct for what is true and good that our ancestors possessed in the reign of good Queen Bess. Mr. Brown did not even share the popular belief that all music that is of foreign growth must necessarily be good; he had an unveiled contempt for fiddling as a profession, and refused to believe in its attractions either for the artist or his audience.

He went to the recital chiefly because he did not care to trust Phoebe to her father's indifferent guardianship, but he sat throughout with undisguised impatience and a disdain he little cared to conceal. Not so Phoebe and her father. Mr. Dace listened with a relish that was the outcome of some culture and a great deal of love, Phoebe with a strange and rapt fascination. Perhaps the wonderworld which Evensen opened to her would have been a shade less fair had the magician not been young and handsome, and had he not shown a decided preference for her society. But we cannot analyse motives and feelings too curiously, it was a full stream of refined sensation down which the player carried his quickly responsive Italian audience. His spell was upon them; for once the veil of immediate experience that enwraps us so close was lifted, and the unseen was revealed. As he willed, this young man with the fine keen face, the dreamy dark eyes, the square brow, and firm jaw led them, and they followed willingly; and now it was the breath of spring that fanned their faces, and now the russet glow of fiery September that dazzled their eyes, now the dawning of joy and hope, and again the shade of swift-coming death that chilled their souls. He led them all, except Mr. Brown, for whom the player had no open sesame to his land of phantasy.

"What business has he to be so good-looking?" growled Mr. Brown, when the musician had made his final bow and he was at last released.

"The jewel is worthy of the casket," said Mr. Dace, with his slow-coming smile. "Would his playing have pleased you better, my friend, if he had been sandy-haired, snub-nosed, freckled, spectacled?"

"It would have pleased me better on some other accounts," retorted Mr. Brown grimly. "Just look at Phoebe, will you?"

"I don't see anything unusual in the back of her head."

"What is it? Did some one call me?" said the girl, turning round. Her fair face had a deep rose-tint, her eyes were bright with a half-startled wonder in them, as if she were not yet quite awake to the every-day life about her.

"Did you want me, father?"

"Not I, my child. Your godfather is afraid you will cease to appreciate the melodies of the Christy Minstrels in future."

Phoebe turned an indignant look on her guardian, and then her lips twitched and she laughed.

"Uncle Brown wants his dinner," she said.

Mr. Brown might, no doubt, have been consoled by the creature comforts which were provided with a delicate and discriminating hand in the Hotel Athena, had not the young Swede, at Mr. Dace's invitation, removed his napkin to the vacant seat opposite Phoebe. In spite of his growing reputation, the young man made few friends. He was shy, reserved and silent, leaving all business arrangements to his agent and wholly absorbed in his profession, taking little trouble to make acquaintances until his glances fell on Phoebe's pretty face, and his ear caught the accents of her clear, low voice.

Mr. Brown did not like the new arrangement by which the young man spent all the leisure that he could spare with his new friends of England; it was not much, to be sure, for a music-maker's life is an arduous one, but such

margins as he could save from his duty, he gave to them. He would rush in of a morning to the small private sitting-room where Phoebe poured out the coffee, dressed in a charming costume of some clean, light material, her head crowned with shining plaits and her eyes bright with the happiness of being alive and in Rome, and of having a famous violinist for a friend.

"Where do you go to-day?" he would ask, with a faint hope, very generally extinguished, that he might be able to go thither also. He had learned to shake hands, English fashion, when he said good-morning, and as his fingers touched Phoebe's a little thrill seemed to pass from her to him. It was always Mr. Brown who gave the route. Mr. Brown was taking his party over "Hare's Walks." Not a church, not an inscription, not a vestige or scrap of ruin would he spare them. He carried the ponderous volume with him and conscientiously read every word of the information aloud. His coat was getting quite shiny with much leaning against walls and doorways. The little man was heroic in his eagerness that Rome should be "done" thoroughly, so that one should not feel confounded, but calmly ready with a "Yes," when any one at home said, "And did you see so and so?"

"Now do you quite understand?" he would say, wiping his perspiring brows. "Don't forget that date, Phoebe, it is most important. Dace, you are not listening." The walks were long and hot and sunny, and Phoebe in truth was not so enthusiastic as she might be. She liked to sit on a sunny wall and watch the little green lizards popping out and in, but at heart she was a little tired of saints and martyrs, emperors, gods and goddesses, though on the whole she liked the unscrupulous and pleasure-loving deities better than the sad wearers of the palm-branch. What good times the gods must have had when they had it all their own way, and were not discredited and neglected!

"How I should like to have been one of them! Did Apollo or Pan play better than Mr. Evensen, I wonder?" And from that wonder it was an easy step to wonder whether or not he would find time to play to them that evening. Poor Mr. Brown, it will be seen, was a martyr too, and was but ill-rewarded for his devotion to duty. Dace seemed to listen, indeed, but he was sadly plucked when the cicerone had a questioning fit. He saw many things that are not mentioned by Mr. Hare, and probably missed many objects of interest that are recorded in that excellent guide, and he laughed sometimes when there was nothing apparent to create mirth, and was solemnn, too, at the wrong moment. Only when the walk was over and dinner eaten, and when the young violinist had stolen in to play a snatch of sweet melody—some air, perhaps, that hovered soothingly and seemed to steal in with the evening wind—would he give his whole undivided soul to the music, without an infidelity.

It was therefore the more to Mr. Brown's credit, that after a time he began to tolerate and even to take to the objectionable stranger. Possibly it was diplomacy, but more probably it was the stirring of a kindly heart that caused him to make room in his likings for this rival, who was daily weakening the older man's influence over Phoebe. There was something so simple in Evensen's nature, a guilelessness that disarmed, a trust that inspired trust; and then he was so ready to listen, so willing to be instructed, that a much sourer person than Mr. Brown might have been mollified. There was therefore harmony between the quartette, and though Mr. Brown's vigilance did not relax, the sharpness of its scrutiny was removed.

He had some reason to fear for Phoebe. Music has a subtle and potent charm for those who are its lovers, and there was, too, a glamour about the young man's life that stirred the girls' imagination. The minstrels of old wandered over land and sea, and everywhere

found a welcome for their simple lays; and here was a minstrel of a new order, to whom kings and princes had listened with reverence, and who commanded the homage of rich and poor alike—was not this to be a monarch in all but name? And to wander through summer lands, and everywhere to have the power to make the people smile or weep, be sad or merry, what should life be like with such a comrade? Mr. Brown had reason for alarm, for when a young maid employs the leisure of her thoughts with fancies such as these, and when a young man looks at her as Evensen looked at Phoebe, it is time indeed for the chaperon to interfere.

Phoebe's godfather took a resolution one night after a certain little occurrence, which seemed at last to have stirred even Dace's serenity.

Evensen had come in as usual, and with the usual question. Mr. Brown consulted his notebook.

"We're getting on," he said; "to-day we have to 'do' the Palace of the Cæsars."

"The great Cæsars have come to this," murmured Dace; "Brown and Co. are going to 'do' them."

"And to-night," said Phoebe, addressing the Swede, with a look of invitation in her eyes, "to-night the moonlight is just right for the Colosseum."

"That doesn't come in yet," said the cicerone, consulting his guide.

"Unfortunately the moon won't suit our convenience," said Mr. Dace.

"We must go," pouted Phoebe; "I have set my heart on it."

"I have no recital to-night," said Evensen, turning pale in his eagerness. "May I go with you?"

It was Phoebe he looked at, though the words were addressed to her father.

"The Colosseum is open to everybody," he said with great gravity; "I don't imagine my girl has a right to exclude you."

"Mr. Evensen knows I'd like him to come," Phoebe blushed a royal red.

After that what could any crusty old guardian say or do?

Poor Mr. Brown! The forces were too strong for him. Yet when the little party was ready to set out at night, there was no musician to be found. Some five or ten minutes they waited for him, then Phoebe insisted they should linger no longer. She walked on with quick steps and a high uplifted chin, and she treated Evensen's desertion with much apparent indifference. If he didn't care to come, he was quite right to stay away. Her father, who acquiesced in this sentiment, remarked that he was not a victim to Hare.

"I thought he was my victim," said Miss Phoebe, recovering her good-nature with a laugh. Yet the moonlight undoubtedly lost a little of its charm, and it was impossible to get up any fervour for the traditions of the place, with Mr. Brown uttering informing remarks on the right, and Mr. Dace making ironical comments thereon on the left.

They had all fallen silent at last, and were sitting gazing into the black gulf banded with white light, each busy with his own thoughts, when a sudden wail of music smote upon the dark stillness.

Phoebe clutched her father's hand with a nervous pressure.

"Papa, papa," she whispered, "it is he!"

No need to tell it. It was a master-hand that drew the bow across the strings. The music had a strange, unearthly weirdness, coming out of the night and going back into the night. It was the cry of the martyred souls that had suffered here—the sadness of the ages that floated to them on wings of gloom. Mr. Dace's sensitive, imaginative nature was strangely stirred, and Phoebe's tears fell, she hardly knew why. Even Mr. Brown felt uncomfortable—didn't half like it. Evensen

shouldn't practise such childish tricks. Evensen must be spoken to. What was that other sound he heard, very near him? Was it a sob? Uncle Brown felt suddenly angry, and it was then that he took his great resolve.

The music changed now, and a soft and peaceful air succeeded the plaining. "Our pain is over," the dead souls seemed to say, "and now we are at rest and peace for evermore." As if to be in keeping with the gentler strain, a cloud that had obscured the moon rolled by, and bathed the great amphitheatre in a flood of silver.

They lingered for a time after the music had hushed itself to a whisper, and so died out, and they walked home in silence. Evensen joined them near the hotel, his violin under his arm.

"You forgive me, mademoiselle, for not setting out with you?" he said. "It seemed to me the music might be a little diversion—a surprise."

"It was wonderful, and very beautiful!" said Phoebe, still moved by its memories.

"Then I am a thousand times repaid!" he said, in his low, eager tones. "To have given you pleasure is everything to me!"

Perhaps Mr. Dace overheard this whispered speech. Whether he did or not, he began that night to talk of moving on to Naples.

"So you are beginning to see things?" said Brown.

"I am beginning to perceive that summer will soon be here, my friend, and that it must not find us in Rome."

Mr. Brown said no more, but he forfeited a portion of his well-earned sleep to write a letter that night. It was addressed to "Gerald Dunlevy, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford," and it ran thus:—

"MY DEAR GERALD,—

"When last you spoke to me on a certain subject, interesting to you and me, I advised you to wait and work. Circumstances have occurred to make me change my mind on that point, and I say to you now, go in and win, if you can. I am confident you will prove yourself worthy of Phoebe, if she will have you. As for the means, there is an old stockingful laid by for my two godchildren, and I don't see why they shouldn't have it now, rather than when I'm gone where I can't see them enjoying it. If you are inclined to follow my advice, come off here at once. You have still time to do the business before summer Term begins, and if you lose no time you will find us at this address."

This letter Mr. Brown posted himself, almost with the guilty feelings of a conspirator, and he mysteriously pocketed the telegram which reached him in reply.

Some three days later he came down in the morning to find Phoebe and Evensen together. The young man was by way of giving the maiden a music lesson, but it was a lesson without illustration.

Mr. Brown was unusually gentle and kind, but his manner was nervous, and he looked constantly at his watch.

"Are you expecting any one or anything?" the unsuspicious Phoebe asked at last.

"Well, yes, my dear, I am—ah—expecting something. I wish you would just step out to the court, my dear, and see if anything has arrived."

The girl obeyed wonderingly, and Brown drew Evensen's arm within his own, and led him to the window.

Phoebe made a pretty picture, standing in the sunlight, one hand held up to shade her eyes. A traveller, who was even then alighting at the hotel door, certainly thought so. Had she come to welcome him?

"Phoebe!" he said.

"Gerald!" she cried, bewilderment, and something that might be translated even by a

modest lover into delight, in her tones—"Gerald, you here!"

Mr. Brown released his hand from Evensen's arm, and laid it on the young man's shoulder. He felt infinitely cruel, and yet he meant to be kind.

"It is an old affair," he said, "since they were children. They were always destined for each other."

The violinist, who had grown very pale as he stared at the two outside, turned on him with a sudden fierceness in his dark eyes. He strove to speak, but no words came, and he turned abruptly and left the room.

"I suppose this is your doing, Brown?" said Mr. Dace, when he sauntered down to a late breakfast, and found Gerald Dunlevy in possession, and with an arm round Phoebe's waist.

"I suppose you wouldn't exactly like your daughter to become the wife of a strolling fiddler? Have you any new objections to Dunlevy? When we talked the matter over before, you appeared to me to like the idea."

"I have the profoundest respect for Mr. Gerald Dunlevy. He won't set the Thames on fire, but few young gentlemen succeed in that feat. On the whole, however, I think I could have respected Phoebe if she had run off with the music-man."

Mr. Brown was too well content with the result of his diplomacy to answer this foolish speech. And so a certain dream in the spring-time of a life, as of the year, came to an end, shattered by the advent of six feet of solid, good-humoured young Englishman. But then, as Phoebe remarked, it was Gerald, and she had even the boldness to assert that it had always been Gerald.

"What were the circumstances that made you, happily for me, change your mind?" Dunlevy asked Brown that evening. "Were you afraid some one else would run off with my little Phoebe?"

"Run off? Nonsense!" growled Mr. Brown. "I thought it was time for you to range yourself, young man; marriage is a very steady discipline," said the bachelor, sagely.

Both the older men respected the young violinist's secret, and put it by in silence. Mr. Brown, as was but just, felt much the more remorseful of the two. Mr. Dace treated the matter whimsically, after his fashion, and refused to believe that any heart could remain long damaged on account of a young woman like Phoebe.

"He will translate his disappointment into finer music, and the world will be the gainer," he said.

And he was right. Rome was annoyed and angry over its young musician's sudden, abrupt disappearance; it bemoaned him for a day, and then forgot him, in its eagerness to worship some new star. Phoebe, perhaps, remembered him a little longer; but then there was Gerald, who was her new risen star.

But by-and-by the world heard of Evensen again, and the critics, who are sometimes right, though they are often wrong, said that his seclusion had wrought wonders for the violinist, and that there was a depth and power in his music that it had lacked before.

For pain has its kindly uses, and doubtless, in after years, Evensen felt that he had not paid too high a price for a dream that had so rude an awakening.

THE death is announced of John Templeton, the Scottish tenor, and who, as he had attained eighty-four, was probably the oldest vocalist in the world. Three years before Malibran's death in 1836, that artiste expressly selected him to sing Elvino in the first performance in English of Bellini's "La Sonnambula," at Drury Lane. From this circumstance he was known as "Malibran's tenor." Templeton retired in 1852, at the age of fifty. His voice was of beautiful quality, the falsetto having been scarcely distinguishable from the chest voice.

What shall we Play?

or, Music in the House.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

BY DR. CARL REINECKE.

Translated, by kind permission of DR. REINECKE and
the PUBLISHERS,

BY J. ST. HENSEL.

PREFACE.

IT must be well understood that this little book does not at all profess to be a guide through the musical literature, and does not in the least lay claim in this respect to completeness and abundance. Lists of suitable works will, however, be found in the following letters.

I hope this modest work, which was not originally intended for publication, but which has been carefully revised, and here and there enlarged, may be tolerated kindly, and indulgently received.

CARL REINECKE.

I.

DEAR MADAM,

You ask me for good advice how to bring out and foster the musical talent of your children. You wish to know how to cultivate music in your house, and—to be precise—you really wish for nothing more nor less than a complete guide through the literature of "Music for the House." You think that your old friend must be well versed in this class of literature, and constitutes, so to speak, a living dictionary, because he has composed so much for the house and the little ones; and I thank you for the epithet which you bestow upon my efforts in that line. If you overvalue me greatly in this, as in so many other respects, I will nevertheless endeavour to meet your wishes as far as possible. I must first of all ask your kind indulgence in not forgetting that to compose suitably for the little folks is a different matter from writing wisely about their musical education.

I am glad to learn that it is not a question of bringing up your children as professional musicians, but simply of making them into men and women able to love and honour music. Of course, had it been a question of professional education, the matter would have been simple enough; strict theoretical and practical training by an excellent master, then something good is sure to be accomplished, with good talents and proper diligence. Something extraordinary is not often produced; for that, extraordinary talents and extraordinary diligence are needed.

But, to begin!

Of course it is impossible to fix the age at which a child's music lessons should begin. Everything depends on the natural ability, on the physical constitution, yes, even on the size and strength of the little fingers. With a normal child, however, I would counsel the commencement of the lessons before the time when school education becomes necessary. The A B C (or, if you like, the C D E) of the music lessons—viz., the knowledge of the notes and the rudiments of music, as well as the first technical studies on the instruments—should have been gone through before school claims the child. For even these preliminary studies demand a certain concentration of the childish mind on this one object, which it would be more difficult to obtain later

on, when the interest is divided. Whilst it is a matter of pride for the little man in such early years to make his first ear-rending exercises on his instrument, and to occupy himself with reading his notes, it would prove later on, after school hours and after preparation of lessons, a burden which he would rather discard.

Before proceeding, however, to the lessons proper, and the study of an instrument, the ear of the child should be trained by singing. "The cultivation of the ear is most important," says Schumann, in his "Advice to Young Musicians." Inclination to sing, and talent for singing, exist in different measures in children, as a matter of course. Many a child too young to talk, can sing several little songs quite distinctly, whilst many an older one clings with iron persistence to the one tone which he has got hold of, quite regardless of the mother's impressive efforts to teach him, by singing to him, the different tones of the melody.

Be not deterred by such experiences, dear madam; you will always find, to your great joy, that suddenly the ice breaks, and the little voice follows yours.

To bring about this result as soon as possible, it is advisable to try the song in different keys, first higher, then lower, that you may thus find out which position is best suited to the little voice. Do not, as a rule, let children sing too high. Singing too high will easily injure the vocal organs, but singing low will never have this effect. The compass in which children's songs should move ought generally to be from *c* or *d* to *D* or *E*. Singing is also very useful for cultivating the feeling of time, as the metre of the verse involuntarily forces the children into the right time. As to the choice of children's songs, the first question is, whether the person who accompanies the children on the piano be sufficiently musical to improvise the accompaniments for the songs? In that case, any good class-book of songs will do, and of these books there are great numbers. Otherwise, and if a little higher price does not signify, song-books with piano accompaniment must be chosen. I mention here: *Erk's Jugend Album*; 112 Songs for Children (Peters' edition); also, published by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel: *Carl Wilhelm's* 62 Songs for Children (for one and two voices); "Jungbrunnen," the most beautiful children's songs, edited by *Carl Reinecke*; 53 Children's Songs, by *Carl Reinecke*; Children's Songs, by *Attenhofer*; Album for Children, by *Robert Schumann*; and "Klänge aus der Kinderwelt," by *Taubert*, Berlin, M. Bahn. As to the last named, I ought to mention that of Schumann's songs only very few can be used for children of tender ages—perhaps No. 1, The Evening Star; No. 5, The Fools' Paradise; No. 12, Children's Watch; No. 13, Ladybird; and even these are rhythmically sufficiently difficult. The well-known, exceedingly charming songs by *Taubert* are intended rather to be sung to children than to be sung by the children themselves. Many of these songs have been successfully added by concert singers to their repertoire, which honour would certainly not have been so easily bestowed on real children's songs.

But—holy Beethoven! Over my room the piano has been opened, and I, poor mortal, must hear—already for the third time to-day—"The Maiden's Prayer!" Such music, my dear madam, I trust you will not tolerate in your house.

MESSRS. KÖHLER, the well-known makers of military band instruments, the senior member of which firm was one of the jurors at the Inventions Exhibition, 1885, have issued a protest against lowering the musical pitch lower than the high Kneller Hall pitch of A 455.

AFTER her marriage Madame Christine Nilsson (the Countess Casa di Miranda) will reside in Madrid. By the Count's desire, she has expressed her intention not to appear in opera for the future, though fortunately concerts do not come under the same ban.

Dithyramb.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.*

—:o:—

Never, believe me, appear the immortals—
Never alone!

Scarce have I Bacchus, the bringer of joy,
When follows him Eros, the radiant boy,
And glorious Apollo alights from his zone!
They near me, they come, the celestials, all
The Olympians throng the terrestrial hall!

Say, how shall I, born of earth, give ye tribute,
Heavenly crew!

Pour out for me of your wine of creation,
Gods! what to you is a mortal's libation?
Lift me on high to Olympus with you!
Delight dwelleth only in Jupiter's palace;
O fill for me nectar! O reach me the chalice!

Reach him the chalice! Pour for the poet,
Hebe, our wine!

Temper his eyes with Elysian dew,
That Styx the detested may pass from his view,
And give him to feel that he too is divine!
It rushes, it sparkles, the magical stream:
His bosom grows joyous, his eyes newly gleam!

Music and Verse.

—:o:—

ONE of the difficulties in the way of either a theoretic or a practical "synthesis," as the phrase goes, of the arts of music and poetry, is the complete absence from the records of genius of any case in which a creative musical gift is combined with excellence in verse. Theory apart, there is an obvious interest in tracing out what association there is between poetry and music in literary history. Music and poetry, says Shakespeare in a sonnet, must needs agree, being "the sister and the brother," and a unanimous posterity has without even a discussion acquiesced in the judgment; which indeed is in one sense hardly questionable. But the popular acceptance goes beyond the truistic purport of the definition, giving it a force which would make out the poet and the musician to be two artists, not only necessarily in sympathy but exercising kindred powers; much as, to Lamb's disgust, the admirers of Garrick assumed him to possess the same kind of mind as Shakespeare. In regard to the poet and the musician the question of relative superiority, fortunately for the inquiry, does not arise; it being no part of the creed of culture to make light of the one form of genius as against the other; but is the issue as to the difference any the less real?

The question for the moment is, not how far the same person may enjoy poetry and music; not even how far poetry and music may successfully be combined—though that is indirectly raised; but how far poet and musician have necessarily a common ground in artistic capacity. And it is here that musical and literary biography have a critical interest. That music and poetry originated together is hardly to be doubted; the closer we look, the clearer does it become that in the dawn of civilization the expression of all forms of emotion was homogeneous; ritual, drama, song, sound, and the dance being bound up together, and so sufficing to indicate alike love, hate, triumph, fear, joy, faith and hope. And the bards of all countries, down to the modern specialization of the arts, have combined at least the media of verbal rhythm, song, and sound; functioning with these as ministers to ideas, to the passions,

* The translation partly follows Coleridge's rendering; but in some lines attempts to be closer.

and to the desire for knowledge. But even among the Romans we have a separation of the literary art from the musical, the former shooting ahead and itself subdividing; while in modern Europe the divergence is in proportion to the technical development.

Let us take the poets of England. That Shakespeare was strongly impressed by music is pretty clear from his observations on it, conspicuously fallacious as some of these happen to be—notably in the case of the proposition (in the "Merchant of Venice") that a man who does not love music is not to be trusted. It will hardly be contended, however, that what emotional pabulum Shakespeare found in the melodies and the instrumental music of his time, had much to do either with his analysis of human nature, or his singular mastery of language. Milton, with his Italian culture, is the first English poet in whom we can well look for an effective combination of the artistic impulses; and in him we have, indeed, the one of all our poets most devoted to music, with the exceptions of Gray and Browning; but we have also the clearest evidence that he had the love of music cultured in him from his birth. As Dr. Masson tells us, music was perpetual in the father's household, the scrivener himself not only being passionately fond of it, but having so far the composer's faculty as to turn out a number of songs, madrigals, and psalm tunes, judged worthy of a place in the best collections of the time. He seems to have seen much musical society, and he taught his poet-son both to sing and play the organ. The latter accomplishment Milton kept up; and we know that the composer, Henry Lawes, was his lifelong friend; but what is there to show that Milton combined any creative musical genius with his faculty for verse? Nothing; any more than there is proof that his musical training affected his poetic art.

The mere faculty for "metrical intellection," as Dr. Masson calls it, has no necessary connection either with appreciation of music or the power to compose it. It is difficult, in view of the "Song for St. Cecilia's Day" and "Alexander's Feast," to accept the tradition that Dryden had no ear for music; but we have the emphatic avowal by Scott, in regard to himself, that "he did not know and could not utter a note of music;" that "complicated harmonies seemed to him a babble of confused though pleasant sounds;" and that, much as he was affected by Scotch ballads feelingly sung, he was "sensible that even this pitch of musical taste has only been gained by attention and habit, and, as it were, by my feeling of the words being associated with the tune." It was "only by long practice" that he acquired "the power of selecting or distinguishing melodies." Now, Scott was no great poet, but he was a perfectly sound metrist, and some of his most successful work is in his songs, which have both melodious lyric movement and intensity. Dryden, then, may have held his metrical gift quite independently of any musical taste; and Goldsmith's flute-playing and the musical studies of Gray—who, like Milton, practised the art and had travelled in Italy—are equally beside the mark as evidence of community of inspiration between musician and poet; such measure of devotion to the art and accomplishment in it being abundantly paralleled in the case of men with no pretensions to be poets. None of the poets have been musical composers; and, on the other hand, there is absolutely no tolerable poetry forthcoming from the great musicians. Few of them seem even to have attempted it; and the most considerable performer, Wagner, attains no poetic success. We may, if we like, decide that the faculty of Schubert or Chopin has the same sort of emotional basis as that of Heine or De Musset; but there the fact stands that the two faculties, in their highest form, never unite, any more than those of the poet and the painter. Gray is indeed an example of a certain capacity for colour-art in combina-

tion with genius for verse; but the remarkable sterility of the many-sided Gray has a peculiarly significant bearing on the inquiry.

As regards the mutual influence of the arts—quite a different thing from community of faculty—there is of course abundant evidence, on the one hand, in the setting of words to music by composers, and, on the other, in the utterances of the poets about music. But here again the connection is partial and non-necessary. Coleridge said that he might complete "Christabel" if he could hear enough good music; but "Christabel" never *was* completed; and it is not alleged that the fragment in existence had a musical inspiration. Wordsworth, who certainly brought new "music" into English verse, passed his life at the Lakes, hearing no music to speak of. And if Byron and Shelley appreciated music, they too, certainly, could do their work without it.

To come, finally, to the so-called *interpretation* of music by poetry, there is positively no more interpretative help to be got from the poets than from anybody else. They can, indeed, give us admirable expression for the effect music produces on us. Milton does so when he sings how the pealing organ can

"Dissolve me into ecstasies
And bring all heaven before mine eyes;"

and in his canorous echo of Plato in the "Arcades" he finely employs a Platonic phrase to describe the immemorial healing virtue of song:

"Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie
To lull the Daughters of Necessity."

But even Milton's notion of music has something of Plato's own repellent didacticism—a didacticism which would have arrested musical development in the mistaken interest of morals. Shelley, perhaps, gives the most quintessential word when he sings of a melody revealing

"A tone
Of a world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one."

—making his success at the cost of an atrocious rhyme. As for the more ambitious exegesis of Mr. Browning, let any true musician say whether such a piece of theological æsthetics as "Abt Vogler" throws any light on music or on the making of it. When the poets tell us how music moved them, they may succeed just as they do in telling us how anything else moved them; but the attempt to do more seems over-sanguine. So that on the whole the ideal synthesis of poetry and music would seem to rest finally, just as did Italian opera, on the unanalysed desire to combine the satisfactions of "story" and music with a certain amount of acting, in one performance. "Poetry" escapes from the compound, as to a large extent does the acting, for that matter.

J. MACKINNON.

PIANOFORTE PRACTISING AS IT SHOULD BE. — In studying a new work on the piano it should be borne in mind that while some of the qualities essential to good playing may be left for subsequent introduction, there are others which must be attended to from the very beginning. These are, fingering, phrasing, and rhythm (*i.e.*, correct time), and it is only after the piece has been made perfect in these respects, and can be played quite correctly and with a firm touch, that the remaining subjects—namely, varieties of touch, light and shade (including *rallentando* and *accelerando*), the use of the pedal, and, last of all, speed, if it be a quick movement—may be considered. Above all, let your practice be in thorough earnest, that no moment of the study-time, which is so precious, may be wasted; in short, in the words of Schumann, "Whenever you play, let it be as though a master were listening."

London Music-Ralls

IN the heart of the West End, at Piccadilly Circus, stands a magnificent building, conspicuous by its front of stone in a city of brick. It is adorned with massive pillars, between which stand elegant tripods, that blaze at night with a flame like that of Vesta's temple. Attracted by the brilliant light, we stroll up to the wide portals of the temple, and a humble shilling will pass us into the inner shrine, the splendid hall of the Pavilion, the chief of London's fifty music-halls. The seats are of crimson plush, the tables of marble; delicate sprays of gilt palm alternate with golden urns in the decoration of the boxes, and on the painted walls, where they round off into the arched ceiling, is seen the Goddess of Beauty careering through the sky in her chariot, drawn by the doves of Paphos. Nor have the resources of science been spared, for the sliding roof is rolled back to admit the cool night air, and the hall is suffused with the soft radiance of the electric light.

It seems almost a sacrilege to drink and smoke amid such splendour, but it evidently does not strike the audience in that light, and the chairman is vigorously setting the example. A curious institution is this chairman, who is apparently a survival of the old public-house "free-and-easy," in which the music-hall had its origin, and with which it has still many points in common. He sits facing the audience, at the top of a little table, on which lies the hammer which he uses to lead off the applause or to restore order. Order is but rarely disturbed, so the chairman figures chiefly as an "animated programme," announcing the names of the artistes. His conversation is highly prized, and his power is autocratic.

And now the overture is over, the rich curtain of plush parts in two, the chairman raps the table with his hammer, and, rising, says, "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Jenny Sparks will now appear." The band strikes up the chorus of Miss Jenny Sparks' song, and at the last notes of this introduction in trips Miss Jenny, and attacks her song at once. Miss Jenny is dressed in pink and white, and sings about the "lovely rowsees, all in pretty powsies." She next comes on in black and yellow, to let us know that the desire of a girl's heart is for "Some one to love and caress us, Some one to call us a dear," and finishes up in green and chocolate with a step-dance, which is vociferously applauded.

The "Engaging Serio" then drives off to another hall, where she will go through it all again, and is succeeded by Professor Sloman. Professor Sloman is a stage nigger, who imitates mosquitoes, chickens, pigs, larks, and canaries, and finally brings down the house with an exact representation of the song of the nightingale.

A juggler may appear next—perhaps Cinquevalli l'Incomparable, or Katsnoschin Awata; or, it may be, Frank Maura, the "Illustrious Mexican," who lies on his back, and makes a table spin round on his big toe.

The audience is now rapidly increasing, and great is the enthusiasm when the name of the Typical Topical Vocalist, Fred Albert, is announced. The Typical Topical Vocalist is a fair young man, with a pleasing smile which wins the audience at once, and he rattles on in an endless stream of good-humoured commonplace on the events of the day. He writes most of his songs himself, and introduces new verses from time to time as events arise, of which the following is a specimen:—

"The victory in Burma
Has made the Empire firmer,
Which nobody can deny.
And if King Theelaw
Wants to reign any more,
He must wait until the clouds roll by."

Who but a Cockney could have made "Bur-mah" rhyme with "firmer," and "Theebaw" with "more?" Nothing escapes the observation of the Typical Topical Vocalist. The marriage of Princess Beatrice, the sixpenny telegrams, the muzzling of the dogs, the London riots, the opening of the "Colinderies," are all introduced into his elastic song, "Wait until the clouds roll by," and he devotes some verses of "patter" to the General Election, in which, *à propos* of the proposed admission of women into Parliament, he says:—

"Unto the ladies we all must bow
With the greatest respect and affection;
But we've got too many old women there now
To want more at the General Election."

We shall probably now have another "Serio"—perhaps the young lady who modestly styles herself "The Coming Comedienne." She will be practically undistinguishable from the last except in the colour of her dresses, in which originality of combination is studied, sometimes with the most surprising results. Her songs will be on the same limited range of subjects, and as for the tunes it is enough to say that, given the first two notes, you can make up the rest for yourself. She will be well received if she is tolerably good-looking, dresses well, has the requisite amount of assurance, and can execute a neat dance.

She is succeeded by the Cragg Family, a troupe of acrobats in faultless evening dress, who stand five high on each other's shoulders, and after falling on the stage all together like a wall, come forward smiling, to receive the enthusiastic plaudits of the spectators. Or, perhaps, Aouda disports herself on the high trapeze, and the country visitors, determined to lose nothing, jump up eagerly from their seats, which are at once appropriated by the wily *habitués*, who have been watching for such an opportunity.

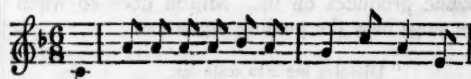
And now there is a hush, as the chairman, rising, announces that "Mr. G. H. Macdermott will now appear," a name which is welcomed with thunders of applause. The "Great Macdermott" is a tall, powerful-looking man, very fair, and of pleasing appearance. A music-hall singer need have no music in his voice, and Macdermott has none. But he sings in tune, keeps excellent time, has a voice of brass, which penetrates into every corner of the hall, and fixes the attention of the most indifferent, and an utterance so perfectly distinct that not a word can be lost. Besides these qualities, which are the main elements in his success, he has a wonderful knack of identifying himself with his audience, by giving them a share in his songs. The smallest shop-boy in the audience feels himself as important a personage as the fly on the chariot-wheel when, if Macdermott asks, "How's that, umpire?" he can shout, "Why, out!" or to the question, "Well, how do you like my singing to-night?" he can reply, "Not much!" It is amusing to see the delight of the great man as he listens to his audience singing every note of his chorus for him, while he beats time with his hands and feet.

Macdermott never dances, and never appears in any of the ridiculous costumes affected by comic singers. His comic pieces are more satirical than ludicrous, and he aspires to the seriousness of a mission in his political songs. Politics are indeed the commonplace of music-halls, and are often introduced merely with the object of creating a noise over a song that would otherwise fall flat. If we hear of "a man who'd never yield," we may be sure that not far off is coming "the glorious Beaconsfield," a name which never fails to produce a storm of mingled cheers and hisses. But Macdermott in his political songs endeavours to sway his audience like some orator, and we have it on the authority of the interviewer of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who recently saw him, that he

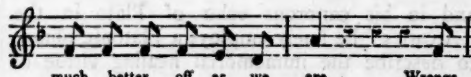
believes every word he sings, and attributes his success to this belief.

"We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too."

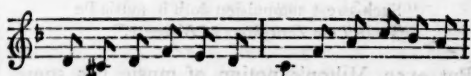
Many will remember the boundless enthusiasm which this mere doggerel excited in 1878, when the war fever was at its height, and when Her Majesty the Queen publicly thanked the Tyrtæus of the music-halls for his enlightened patriotism. Is it not strange that a music-hall singer should have added the word "Jingoism" to the English language? Gordon's death could not pass without a song from the Great Macdermott, and we soon heard, "Too late, too late to save him," ground on the piano-organs and whistled by the butchers' boys. And now in the great Irish controversy, Macdermott, who is an Irishman, takes the side of the Unionists and fights the Unionist battle every night at the "Pavilion," imploring us to remember that "we're much better off as we are."



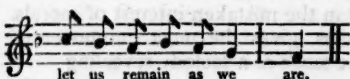
We're much better off as we are, my boys, we're



much better off as we are. Wrongs



cannot be righted, unless we're united, so



let us remain as we are.

It is hard to say what will follow the appearance of the Great Man. It may be Mlle. Estrelle, with her troupe of divining doves, Professor Felix, with his performing boardhounds, or Herr Marvell, with his trained cockatoos. Chirgwin, the White-eyed Musical Kaffir, may appear; or Lieut. Cole, the ventriloquist, with his Family of Merry Folks; Carl Hertz, the King of Cards; or the famous rider on what an Irishman might call the "single-wheeled bicycle." Perhaps Mme. Alphonsine may roll in on a revolving ball, or a nigger may try to amuse us by singing a song while standing on his head. We may have a harp or banjo performance, or we may be favoured with a song, partly in bass, partly in treble, from Mrs. Lennard Charles, the "Renowned Double-Voiced Vocalist." The Swiss Mountaineers may "jodel" as in their native solitudes, or we may have a hearty laugh at the "knockabout" performances of the "Original Buffalo Boys," or the Two Macs, the professed originators of the "Double Irish Business." Or the management may have captured for our entertainment a decayed Russian Princess, Mrs. Weldon, Elizabeth Mouat, or the Claimant.

After this nondescript interlude, the Typical Comic will appear, Charles Godfrey, Arthur Lloyd, or James Fawn. His subject is domestic life, and his manner broadly ludicrous, if not vulgar. In the world of the typical comic, children are all squallers, wives all shrewish, lawyers all rogues, and doctors all cheats—it would be a nice world if things were to be taken at his measure. Naturally the unfortunate mother-in-law comes in for the greatest share of the ridicule. James Fawn tells how his mother-in-law came to dine with him and stopped six months. "I spoke up. My wife said, 'Poor dear mother! You had better show her the front door at once,' and—

"I did it, I did it;
It didn't take me long.

I did it, I did it;
I didn't think it wrong.

My wife kicked up a rampus,
Of that you may be sure;

I only did as I was bid,
A fellow can't do more."

A lady comic, Miss Bessie Bellwood, now appears, who delineates the humours of the East End. She comes on in a bright red dress, green shawl, and hat with purple feather, as "a girl wot's doin' werry well in the vegetable line," and describes how she went into the stalls at a music-hall, but was discovered by her "pals" in the gallery, who thereupon, greatly to her discomfiture, commenced to shout: "What cher? 'Ria?"

The fun is kept going by the Four Gees, Musical Blacksmiths, who play "Oh, you little darling!" and "La Mandolinata" on four step-ladders and a musical cart-wheel, and finish up with "The Harmonious Blacksmith" on a dozen anvils of different sizes.

And this sort of thing goes on nightly in fifty music-halls throughout London. The difference between the palatial "Pavilion" and "Belmont's Pictorial Pub" rests chiefly on upholstery and gilt. The character of the entertainment provided is pretty much the same in both, and the West End "masher" and the East End "coster" meet on a common platform in their patronage of this debased form of art.

The music-halls of London outnumber the theatres, and as for concert-halls—need we say that they are not in the running? The London theatres are gathered together in a circumscribed area, but the music-halls are scattered over the length and breadth of London, from Hammersmith to Poplar and from Kennington to Camden Town. Music-halls flourish in every large town in England, and the music-hall artiste can combine strict attention to business with a pleasant trip to the seaside, for the Londoner cannot dispense with his beloved music-hall even in the dog-days at Brighton.

Nor is the taste for this kind of entertainment likely to be allowed to slumber. For the profession of the music-hall artiste has an elaborate organization. The following advertisement, one among many, is copied from the *Entrée* of the 10th of July, 1886:

JOSEPH TABRAR, ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
7 YORK ROAD, WATERLOO ROAD, S.E.

TO AMATEURS and NOVICES.—As a genuine guarantee as to who is most capable of introducing Amateurs and Novices to the Music-hall Profession, Joseph Tabrar takes much pleasure in appending the following list of Popular Songs, written and composed by him and sung by ROYCE, Gaiety Theatre.—Don't be so particular, dear! J. J. DALLAS, Gaiety Theatre.—Dear me, is that possible? CHARLES GODFREY.—It's all over now with the Ladies! G. H. MACDERMOTT.—I shouldn't advise you to do it! The late GEORGE LEYBOURNE.—Ting! Ting! I'll buy the ring! The Great VANCE.—I bought her a carriage-and-pair. ARTHUR ROBERTS.—You can have the recipe for a penny. SLADE MURRAY.—Waiting! T. W. BARRETT.—I cried "Copper!" HENRI CLARK.—Let go the anchor, boys! H. RICKARDS.—The ship went down! G. BYFORD.—I am getting naughty, I am! etc.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN

Desirous of entering the Music-hall Profession should apply to Joseph Tabrar, who prepares pupils for every branch of the Music-hall business, and supplies entirely new and original songs, duets, &c., for each pupil. To render aid to those who, while they are in the possession of genuine talent, are unable to pay the entire sum down for a course of tuition, easy weekly payments, to suit their means, will be taken, and engagements at leading Music-halls will be procured for them when competent.

"Joseph Tabrar's Amateur's Adviser," sent free to any address on receipt of stamped envelope. This book consists of 32 pages devoted to useful hints to those desirous of adopting the Stage.

All letters to be addressed, JOSEPH TABRAR'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 7 York Road, S.E.

Music-hall artistes, unlike poets, are evidently made, not born, and there is apparently no lack of aspirants for future honours. It will be seen that songs are furnished ready-made by these "Academies," and there are other sources from which a music-hall artiste can derive his stock in trade, if he is unable to manufacture it himself. The Great Macdermott informed the *Pall Mall Gazette* interviewer that every post brings him a batch of new songs for approval, and that "We don't want to fight," his most brilliant "hit," came to him in this way. The *Entr'acte* for the date above quoted, offers for sale a "screaming comedy sketch," entitled "Yaccm-kcid," and introduces to the music-hall circle a gentleman who is prepared to supply any number of songs at from 2s. 6d. to 5s. each.

This elaborate organization establishes a position for the music-hall artistes which they seem to be making more secure every day. It is well known that their emoluments are often higher than those of regular actors (Charles Godfrey has just stated in his examination in bankruptcy that he usually earns from £50 to £60 per week), with whom they are now doing their best to place themselves socially on a level. As an illustration of the "solidarity" of the profession, we may mention the facts that a music-hall artistes' club has been formed, and that the music-hall artistes' athletic sports are announced with a variety of interesting "events."

The pantomimes are now manned mainly with music-halls comics, and the well-known Arthur Roberts, in going over from the music-hall to the stage, has transplanted the music-hall style into the burlesque operas of "Kenilworth" and "Lurline." The fate of the Alhambra, which was finally transformed into a music-hall in August 1884, is a striking reminder that the music-hall is gaining rather than losing ground.

What does all this mean? What have we to face in recognizing the importance of music-halls and the influence which they exert on the community? There is, to begin with, a wide gap between the most frivolous of theatrical entertainments and the highest form of music-hall art. To enjoy a theatrical performance demands an effort of concentration of which the regular music-hall *habitué* is probably incapable. Then the music is contemptible. The songs are made to order after one pattern, and the best that can be said about them, is that they have a catching rhythm and a vigorous swing. The music-hall gives a distorted view of life, in which the mean and trivial predominate over the generous and noble. But these views are not to be taken *au sérieux*, and we may be thankful that our music-hall songs have none of that immorality which so disfigures the wittier productions of Paris. The most objectionable feature of the music-hall is its childishness. What can you expect from people who laugh consumedly at a man who tells them that he must surely be good-looking because, no sooner had he arrived in London, than a dozen cabmen cried "Hansom" to him, or who loudly applaud Miss Nelly Power's song on her pretty cockatoo?

"Did ums? Did ums? Did ums?"

Did ums? Did ums do?

Did ums go and hurt my pretty cockatoo?

If I catch 'em at it, I shall cut 'em right in two!

Did ums? Did ums? Did ums? Did ums? Did ums do?"

What cause can be assigned for all this? The truth is that music-halls are a product of the conditions of our time. Middle-class young men, overworked and worried, shrink at times from the necessity of sitting out a long theatrical performance, and drop into the music-hall, where they can come and go as they please, and smoke a comfortable pipe. The masses in the slums have nothing but the music-hall to relieve the level monotony of their colourless existence, for theatres are distant and expensive. But surely we need not wait for an improve-

ment until the social millennium, when there shall be no more slums and no overwork or worry. They manage it better in Germany,* where the same class of people who patronize our music-halls here, may be seen in their thousands drinking their "Lager" while they listen to the "Kaisermarsch" of Wagner. We, too, have our Promenade Concerts. Why not make some such institution permanent? The strange project for the conversion of the Albert Hall into a high-class music-hall, and the final establishment of the People's Palace in White-chapel, are signs of the times. Let us try to keep this taste for light amusement in channels where it may be free from the taint of vulgarity.

Music in the Country of Fog.



"OH! had some power the giftie gie us, To see oursels as ithers see us!" The publication of "Music in the Country of Fog" gives us an opportunity of attaining this valuable end. The author is a French musician, resident in London, and in literary form the work is similar to Max O'Rell's "John Bull and his Island." But it is far indeed from showing the exaggeration, the flippancy, the vulgarity, and the unfairness of that most objectionable work. Félix Remo, as our author calls himself, has a kindly feeling for the country whose hospitality he accepts, and his criticism, though unsparing, is that of a candid friend. We are too much wrapped up in ourselves in this little island, and should welcome a critic who stands outside the ring which custom and prejudice have drawn around us. M. Félix Remo is a shrewd observer, and is singularly well-informed. His facts are in the main as trustworthy as his opinions are interesting, and it would be ungenerous to point out the half-dozen mistakes which may be noticed in the book. His witticisms are elegant, his sarcasms caustic, and he has a keen sense of the ludicrous to which we owe the embellishment of his

* Vide an article on "German Music and German Beer," which appeared in the *Magazine of Music* for September, 1884.

book with a large number of amusing anecdotes. He is evidently within the inner circle of musical London, and his book is a mine of musical gossip and biographical detail. M. Remo is, however, too much of a Frenchman not to have strong likes and dislikes, the latter of which are not always expressed with that reserve and caution which English public opinion—and, we may add, English law—demand; and it is just possible that he might have had rather a rough time of it in our Law Courts, if the book had been published in English and in London instead of at Paris and in French.

The plan of the work is discursive rather than logical. However, the subject-matter is broadly divided into two heads, Amateur and Professional.

M. Remo looks on the ordinary English amateur as a veritable social pest, and warns you when you see the ominous music-roll on the lobby table, to tell the servant that you have mistaken the house and to flee for dear life. This avalanche of performing amateurs is chiefly the result of defective education, and he addresses a chapter on this subject to the mothers of families. The typical mother he has before him, is a lady who went into a shop to choose a piano, and who, on being shown two pianos at £30 and £80 respectively, asked why there should be this difference as she saw that they both had the same number of notes. Let us hope that there are not many mothers in England like this, but there is no doubt that the musical development of a child is often hampered, if not completely checked, by the action of unmusical parents. No sooner has a girl commenced to learn the piano than a whole concourse of friends is gathered together to hear the little prodigy, and if the child shrinks from the ordeal, the mother says, "It's not worth learning at all, my dear, if there is nothing to show for it."

"All for show." But would the same mother ask her son to cure his little sister of an attack of small-pox, after he had been studying for a week at St. Bartholomew's? Pythagoras imposed a seven years' silence on his disciples, and our modern Pythagoras would keep the young musician at studies for two years. As it is, the poor girl learns off a show-piece by heart and grinds it for ten years like a piano-organ, until she gets married, when she throws up music in disgust until her own daughter has to be put through the same mill.

Other chapters treat of the music of the streets, in which we are proud to learn that old England defies competition; and of music on Sunday, *à propos* of which our author tells a tale bearing all the marks of authenticity, about a certain Mr. M'Gregor, member of the Town Council of Crieff, which will stand repetition. This worthy man was horrified to learn one day that the organ of the Episcopal Church was blown with hydraulic machinery. Machinery working on the "Sawbath." The idea could not be tolerated! So Mr. M'Gregor, in the majesty of his office, got the water cut off next Sunday, and the wicked organ was silent.

The remainder of the book is devoted to the professionals, and contains separate chapters on Professional Education, Teachers, Scholarships and Degrees, Artistes, Conductors, Composers, Foreigners and the German Invasion, Concerts, Concert-halls, Provincial Tours, Opera, Military Bands, Music-halls and Minstrels, Organists, Church Music and Festivals, Musical Critics and Lecturers, Musical Periodicals (among which we are happy to see the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* described as a "thoroughly readable publication"), Music-sellers and Publishers, and Musical Instrument Makers. M. Remo even finds space to touch on the English Musical Pitch and the peculiarities of English Fingering, mentions the Ammonia-phonograph, has a word to say about Physicians for the voice, and gives the names of two Musical Directories, which, he tells us, show that there are no fewer than 4000 Professional Musicians in London.

Four thousand Professional Musicians in London! The figures need no comment, but our author, by way of comment, appends an advertisement from

a "Teacher of the Pianoforte and Agent for the Bay Burner and the Patent Steam Washing Machine," and quotes from the report of the "Hanging Committee" the interesting fact that a "Professor of Music" was one of the candidates for the vacancy created by the death of Marwood.

The entrance to every other profession is wisely barred by the necessity of some degree or diploma, but musicians may be manufactured by the gross like pias at Sheffield. When University Reformers urge that ancient Universities with the privilege of conferring degrees which are regarded as passports to professional life, have become little better than school-rooms owing to the absence of a preliminary examination designed to exclude the grossly ignorant, what have we to expect from our Colleges of Music? Let us hear what M. Félix Remo has to say of the directors of the largest of them, the Guildhall School of Music:

"Honourable aldermen, as eloquent as Mirabeau in puffing butter, as crafty as Talleyrand in striking a bargain, as learned as Picus of Mirandola in the mysteries of pork-sausages and Peruvian guano, as ingenious as Vauban in the construction of fortifications against competition, these honourable aldermen are seized with qualms and misgivings when music is mentioned; they feel uncomfortable on this unfamiliar ground, where at every step are dug pitfalls for their ignorance; and they have prudently saved their commercial dignity by making over their power to a dictator. 'Ours is the largest School of Music in the world. We have 3000 pupils, Boston has only 2000, Paris has 670, the German Conservatoires from 200 to 600, the Royal Academy 550, and the Royal College only 160. Ours is the largest School of Music in the world.' And when they are tired of filling their honourable noses with the snuff of self-satisfaction, they return to their groceries.

"What if I told you, gentlemen, that your school is nothing but a cynical farce, and that you are only doing your best to place Art on a level with your merchandise? You dangle the brilliant career of a *virtuoso* before the eyes of the poor clerks and the poorer sempstresses of your great city. They have once or twice seen the inside of a concert-hall or a theatre. To ascend the platform richly attired! To sing before the public, perhaps—who knows?—in comic opera! To play in the orchestra! 'Why not? Others can do it.' Poor things! Their brain is haunted with this dream, and they never see how long the road is, and with how many rough stones it is strewn! Away with the pen and the needle, and off for the Guildhall on the road to fortune and to glory. Two or three sessions pass; they are surprised to find that they don't know everything that can be learned, their savings are exhausted. But no matter! They know enough as it is! And every day you are besieged with beardless professors at two shillings a lesson, who call themselves 'Guildhall Pupils,' and the orchestras are invaded by instrumentalists who play 'piano' in the difficult passages to conceal their mistakes, and who lose their place on the slightest provocation, and spend the remainder of the time in trying to find it again. How many have I known like this! How many have I heard who, when obliged to accompany a song, stumbled along in a truly pitiable fashion, and had finally to stop.

"These are the artists that you produce! Every year the school turns out on the street some hundreds, some thousands of fresh nobodies to swell the general nullity, and genuine artistes can't make enough to live upon."

This makes us rub our eyes. We must, of course, allow the usual grain of salt, but in sober fact it is quite apparent that commercialism eats into the very heart of our musical education. We all know the typical "Adventure School," where all the children receive prizes—for good conduct, "or for improvement," if for nothing else. What, asks M. Remo, are we to think of a certain institution of whose 550 pupils 337 are rewarded with honorary distinctions, and whose medallists sometimes cannot accompany a song or read a line of music? Then, again, the pecuniary dependence of the Professors on their pupils makes it difficult for them to ensure that regular attendance without which solid progress cannot be obtained. In Paris, three absences are it seems sufficient for exclusion from the Conservatoire, and M. Remo would have us take the Paris Conservatoire as a model in this and in other matters. The ideal Conservatoire should have a strict preliminary examination, and its Professors should possess a fixed stipend sufficient to make them independent of their pupils. There should be numerous scholarships for the advancement of struggling talent, and the

Conservatoire should be empowered to grant diplomas, to which the same weight shall be attached as to the degrees of our Universities.

This is a noble object, but its realization is certainly in the clouds. If the commercial element is to be eliminated, State supervision must be introduced, for it is well known that "endowed cats catch no mice." We are heartily in favour of the extension of the State control of education, but in a country where primary education has not yet been taken entirely into the hands of the State, where secondary education is quite untouched, and where even the Universities are practically left to the tender mercies of the Professors, what have we to expect? The truth is that the average Englishman has a dislike to a careful elaboration of his institutions. He prefers to let things find their own level, and here his practical sense stands him in good stead. John Bull has a knack of making the most of the materials he finds to his hand, and we can only hope it may be so in music.

The musicians who are manufactured in this wholesale fashion by our Colleges of Music, are, says M. Remo, further exposed to the competition of reduced gentlemen, of insidious amateurs, and of German invaders. We will leave the reduced gentlemen to their misfortune, but we cannot allow M. Remo's attack on the "insidious amateurs" or the "German invaders" to pass without protest. Amateurs fill a useful part in the musical economy, and while their work is a manifest gain to the community, it promotes rather than injures the interests of professional musicians who reap the harvest of that love of art which amateurs largely help to sow. As to the "German invaders," we are afraid that memories of 1870 may have somewhat warped M. Remo's judgment; we, at all events, are ready to welcome the custodians to whom Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Wagner have handed down the ever-burning Lamp of Music.

We have found interesting the chapters on Artistes and Composers, which contain a mass of chatty biographical details not readily accessible elsewhere; and in the chapter on Conductors M. Remo tells an amusing anecdote of a well-known musician, who fancied himself a conductor, and obtained this position by buying up the requisite number of shares in a certain society, only to break down ignominiously on the night of the concert.

Two carefully written chapters on Concerts and Concert-halls contain a full account of the history and character of the Popular and Ballad Concerts, and the genealogy of the Promenade Concerts (which, as we may remind our readers, will recommence this month) will repay perusal. Jullien was the originator of these concerts, and many are the stories told of his eccentricities. His introduction of a discharge of musketry in the Quadrille on the Huguenots may not be very surprising to us, who are sated with "Alarms in Camp" and "Voyages in Troop-ships," but it must have been very odd to see Jullien spring up, like Jack-in-the-Box, from a trap-door below the orchestra, bâton in hand. *A propos* of the present Promenade Concerts, M. Remo tells another of his laughable stories, which we shall give in his own words:—

"Last year a phenomenal euphonium-player drew enormous crowds. But one night there was a surprise: in the middle of a cadence, the euphonium gave a sudden 'blurt,' and all attempts to coax it were in vain. Nothing would come. The notes had evidently gone on strike! The cadence had to be cut short.

"'What's the matter?' says the conductor, Mr. Crowe.

"'I've blown them into the euphonium,' the poor fellow replied, pointing to two magnificent false teeth which had once adorned his mouth."

Our author makes some sensible remarks on Opera, which he thinks may yet be resuscitated, if the "star" system is abolished, the chorus improved, and an endeavour made to obtain an artistic, if not magnificent, *tout ensemble*; and he gives a whole "Ana" of details about Mapleson, Marie Roze, and Adelina Patti, which will prove interesting to lovers of opera. Similar details are given in the chapter on Music-sellers and Pub-

lishers. The chapter on the Makers of Musical Instruments, which is somewhat meagre, gives us to understand that M. Remo has a decided preference for the pianos of Erard. The remark that "Erard's pianos don't stand" must, he thinks, have originated with some piano-tuner, who found that Erard's pianos never required any tuning.

Of our organists and our musical festivals M. Remo speaks in terms of high praise. In the department of Church music we have certainly done solid and original work, and, taking us all round, M. Remo is good enough to say that we are not so black as we are painted. The dictum that "the English are not a musical nation" is, he says, merely credited by dint of repetition. We are a musical nation, and if we will only get over one or two of our worst prejudices, and adopt a rational system of musical education, we may do very well indeed. He thinks it unfortunate, however, that our best men should follow the school of Wagner, for he is no friend of "musical arithmetic," as he calls it—a pretty description of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser!" But he consoles himself with the philosophic reflection that, after all, English fog is as heavy as German beer, and that it is only in the sunny South that true passion and true music can be found.

The Story of a Guitar.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "A Woman's Glory," "When We Two Parted," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE summer days, so full of joy for others, brought only sorrow and weariness to me.

Marian came to me often, and her looks seemed to invite the confidence which I would not bestow. At her first coming I had been prompted to open my heart to her; but, after the dinner-party in Curzon Street, my impulse was checked. I was far too proud to tell her that I was jealous of my husband's old sweetheart; and she had too much delicacy to let me see that she suspected such a thing. Yet sometimes I almost fancied that she had found out the reason of my reserve.

I carefully avoided all mention of Miss Lorimer, but one day Marian introduced her name.

"Ida Lorimer is one of Aunt Baldock's friends," she remarked. "She always manages to amuse the old lady with her chit-chat, and that is why she is asked to all our dinner-parties."

From Marian's tone I inferred that she did not want Ida to be her friend; but I kept silence.

There were no more quarrels between Ronald and myself, but in the depth of my heart I owned that our Eden was fast becoming a sorry wilderness. Our debts increased, and all my quiet savings were of no avail. It was indeed but "lost labour" for me to eat the bread of carefulness, for Ronald, sure of that glorious future of which he had spoken, was not disposed to deny himself little comforts. When he dined at home he was not contented with the plain fare which had satisfied him in our earlier wedded days. William Greystock had developed his natural taste for luxuries. Every man is, I believe, a *gourmand* at heart, but the chance of being a glutton does not come to all. Greystock gave my husband plenty of opportunities of indulging his liking for dainties; and when Ronald and I sat at our table together I had to listen to long lectures on the art of cooking. They were not uninteresting lectures; most women will do well to listen when a lord of the creation discourses of roast and boiled, sauce and gravy;

but the consciousness of an empty purse made all this talk a weariness to me. Worse than a weariness—it was a pain.

One July afternoon, when I was sitting at the open window with my eternal mending-work, a drowsiness began to steal over me, and my hands dropped heavily on my lap. It was a hot day; far off in country places the corn was ripening fast, and scarlet poppies were flaunting among the golden grain. I shut my eyes and called up a vision of the arbour at the end of my grandfather's garden—a veritable bower—

"Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter."

Once more I seemed to tread the long grass-path that led to the bower; once more a rush of perfume, intoxicatingly sweet, swept over me, and filled me with delight. Again the overblown damask roses shed a shower of petals at my feet, and the large white lilies stood in stately file on each side of the old walk. I was back again in the delicious, dreamy place where my childish days were spent, and all the cares of the present life were forgotten and blotted out, when a loud, harsh noise suddenly broke the spell.

It was only a double-knock, but who does not know how unwelcome such a sound may be in the middle of an afternoon nap? Sleep was not such a common blessing that I could afford to lose ever so little of it. Many wakeful nights had made a few moments of oblivion as precious as gold; my sojourn in happy dreamland might have done me a world of good if it had not been cut short.

Just as the parlour-door was flung open, I started up, suddenly conscious that I was in a most ungraceful attitude. Seated in our only easy-chair, I had put my feet up on another, and on this extemporized couch I had enjoyed an interval of most blissful repose. There are few who have not experienced the intense sweetness of that sleep which comes to us at unexpected times, and in somewhat inconvenient places—a sweetness which we often miss when we lie down on the orthodox couch at night, and anxiously await the coming of the drowsy god. Even now, when heart and brain are at rest, I can remember those snatches of perfect forgetfulness of this life and its sordid troubles, and I like to fancy that they were sent to me by a Divine kindness.

Half bewildered, and still entangled in the web of dreams, I rose, and found myself face to face with William Greystock.

"I am afraid I have startled you, Mrs. Hepburn," he said in a voice which was much softer than his usual tone. "You have not been well, I hear—indeed, you are not looking strong."

There was something almost tender in the fixed look of his dark eyes; but it was a tenderness that did not draw me towards him for a moment.

"No, I am not very strong," I admitted, simply. "My husband's illness was long and trying, you know, and anxiety wore me out."

"You are very much changed."

The words seemed to fall involuntarily from his lips, and the pity in his face stung me.

"I was prepared for changes when I married," I said, coldly. "Every girl is. I never expected to go on leading the easy do-nothing life I lived with Lady Waterville."

"Ah yes! you got tired of that life. You even preferred trouble to monotony; that's always the way with women."

"Isn't it the way with men also?" I asked, with a smile.

"That was said like Miss Coverdale—you were always fond of putting questions. Well, no; I believe women care more about excitement than we do, that's the truth."

"I don't agree with you," I replied, shaking my head. "But we won't begin one of our old interminable arguments—besides, a good deal of the spirit of contradiction has died out of me. How is Lady Waterville?"

"Very well; and yet I don't know that I ought

to say 'very well.' She is far too stout and apathetic to be in perfect health."

"But she has been stout and apathetic for any number of years, and the condition seems to agree with her," I said. "I haven't lost one bit of my old affection for her, Mr. Greystock, although I suppose she never will forgive me."

He laughed, but the pitying look was still in his eyes. "I think she has forgiven you in her heart," he answered. "But sometimes forgiveness is never acknowledged in a lifetime. It is only revealed when death has 'set his seal' upon the lips—poor Lady Waterville! She has missed you."

My eyes filled with tears; for a moment I could not speak.

"The forsaken are apt to be bitter," he went on. "You have, beyond other women, a power of winning love, which is past explaining. Do not be surprised if people get angry at finding that they have been despoiled of their affection—even an unconscious despoiler cannot hope to escape indignation."

"A very unjust indignation," I said, faintly.

"Perhaps it is," he admitted in a quiet voice. "But it is no light trial to see all the richest offerings heaped upon the shrine of a saint who accepts them with cold complacency. We, whose altars are bare, would have given worlds for a single gem or flower."

The words sent a thrill of sharp pain through my heart. Had he observed that growing coldness of which I had been conscious in Ronald? Did he know that my husband had turned back in spirit to a woman whom he had loved before he had ever seen me?

The jealousy which was silently burning deep down at the bottom of my soul, had consumed all my peace. I could not speak of it to any one, but I was always haunted by a vague notion that Ronald saw Ida Lorimer often, and found a delight in her society that he had ceased to find in mine. There was a pause, and I sat waiting almost breathlessly for William Greystock's next words, feeling miserably afraid that he would say something to confirm my fears.

"Ronald's handiwork, I see," he remarked, going close to the chimney-piece to inspect the tambourine. "How clever he is in doing this kind of thing! Miss Lorimer is making some progress under his instruction, but she has not much taste."

He spoke in a natural, easy tone, as if he had taken it for granted that I knew all about the intimacy between my husband and Ida Lorimer. I turned faint and sick, and my voice sounded strangely harsh when I spoke.

"I did not know that Ronald was giving lessons," I said, involuntarily.

"Did you not?" William turned, and looked at me with a smile. "Yes, he is not a bad teacher, I believe. But, Mrs. Hepburn, I am forgetting the object of my visit; I came to invite you to a picnic at Richmond. Ronald is coming, of course, and I hope you will be persuaded to join us."

How could he smile so blandly when my poor distressed face was fronting his? Either he was utterly obtuse, or he was taking a positive pleasure in my sufferings.

I did not want to go to Richmond—I did not want to go anywhere—the desire to see green trees and fields was still strong within me, but I longed to be alone in the old haunts of my childhood, in scenes which were unconnected with the love and pain of my later life. Yet how could I refuse an invitation which had been already accepted by my husband?

"I am a very poor creature nowadays," I said, with a miserable attempt to speak lightly. "People who go to picnics ought to be good walkers, and have a fund of animal spirits. I am not gay enough to join your party, Mr. Greystock."

Again there was a softening in his voice, and an indescribable look of tenderness in his face which made him far handsomer than I had ever seen him before.

"Does one only want gay companions?" he

asked. "I think not. For my own part, I turn with relief to some one who is not gay, some one who can sympathize with my own gravity of temperament. Take pity on me then, Mrs. Hepburn, and spare me a few hours of your society next Thursday."

Still I hesitated, wondering why he pressed the point.

"The air will do you good," he continued, earnestly. "And I will take care that you are not bored or persecuted in any way. Then, too, there are Ronald's wishes to be considered; he says you are shutting yourself up too much."

"Did he say that?" I demanded, eagerly.

"Indeed he did." Those inscrutable dark eyes were looking deep into mine. "Is it not natural that he should be anxious about his wife's health and spirits, and natural, too, that he should sometimes speak his thoughts to an old friend?"

I reflected for a moment.

William Greystock's words sounded kindly and reasonably, and I was secretly glad to know that Ronald had displayed some anxiety on my account.

"I will come to your picnic, Mr. Greystock," I said at last. "It is kind in you to take an interest in me. Perhaps my husband is right; I have given way too much to depression, and have stayed too long in the house."

He thanked me, gravely and courteously, and then quietly went his way.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Ronald came in, I told him at once of William Greystock's visit, and added that I had accepted the invitation.

"Have you?" I said to Greystock that I was sure you would not go," remarked my husband, taking up his old station on the hearth with his back to the empty grate.

"I thought you would be vexed if I refused," I rejoined, watching him keenly as I spoke.

"It would vex me still more if you did anything that you hated doing, Louise. And lately you have shown such a dislike to society that—"

"That I had better keep out of it, Ronald? Well, it isn't too late to send an excuse."

"Nonsense," he answered, irritably; "Greystock would think you mad. Only, as you have promised to go, do try to enter into the spirit of the thing. Leave your little worries at home, and enjoy yourself with the others."

At that moment I wished passionately that I had sent William Greystock away with a decided negative. Ronald did not want me to go to this picnic; he was afraid that I should be a kill-joy. Nobody wanted me now; I had only been desirable while my youth and gaiety lasted.

I wondered whether the life-stories of other women were anything like mine? Had they, too, been worshipped in their brief, bright girlhood, and neglected in their sad wifehood? Disappointed, driven back into myself, crushed down under a load of daily increasing anxieties, it is no marvel that I looked at Ronald, and was secretly astonished to see that he was getting younger and brighter.

The truth was that he had never yet fairly realized our position as I did. All through that long illness of his—all through the weary weeks of convalescence, I had done my utmost to keep the veil over his eyes. While I beheld the grim, ugly facts of our life, he saw only a rose-coloured haze that softened every unlovely detail; and that veil, which anxious love had woven, had never yet been entirely rent away.

It was not a great wonder, then, that he fancied I was making the worst of everything, and was surprised at my anxious outlook into a future which he believed to be sunshiny enough. Too late I was learning the bitter truth, which every woman must learn sooner or later, that she who makes an idol of a man must always burn incense before his shrine. Instead of letting Ronald descend from the pedestal on which I had placed him—instead of making him take his lawful share of our common burdens—I

had chosen to shoulder all the load, while he stood, high aloft, looking down with half-contemptuous surprise at the weak creature who was staggering at his feet.

What influences were at work, hardening his heart? How was it that he did not watch me with the old anxious tenderness, and see that I was losing strength every day? Alas! he had grown tired of being anxious and tender. If he had married a rich wife, his life would have been untroubled by the sight of a pale face and an enfeebled frame. Nothing preserves a woman's beauty like prosperity. Let her tread upon roses—guard her from all the worries that come from lack of money—if you want her to keep her charms.

For the thousandth time the face of Ida Lorimer, fair, calm, unworn, rose up before me like a vision. Ronald was in the habit of seeing that face often; every day, perhaps. I could fancy that his hand would touch hers as he guided her pencil; I could guess that her golden head sometimes brushed his shoulder as he bent to watch her progress. Did not that contact ever inspire him with a vain regret for the days when she might have been won?

It has taken a long time to write these thoughts upon paper, but they drifted through my mind as swiftly as leaves that are driven before the wind. There stood Ronald, with the old tragic look in his eyes that always reminded me of the portrait of Inez—a look that seemed to settle on his face nowadays whenever he was alone with me.

"I believe you dread going out with me, Ronald," I said after a brief pause. "What does it matter whether William Greystock thinks me mad or sane? I will write an excuse this very evening."

"It matters a great deal what Greystock thinks," he answered, with a frown that told of gathering wrath. "I don't want my friends to think strange things of my wife. You say that you have accepted the invitation, and so the affair is settled. Pray don't take offence at my timely counsels; they are well meant, and greatly needed."

I started up, sharply stung by the unkind words. And then in the next moment the flame of anger suddenly died in my heart, and I was conscious only of my miserable weakness and loneliness. Unawares, a little wailing cry escaped from my lips, and I sank helplessly into a chair, and wept quiet tears.

So bitter was my sorrow that it did not comfort me even to feel Ronald's hand on my shoulder, and hear his voice saying soothing words in my ear. We might make up this difference as we had made up others, but our innermost selves could not be changed. I did not want to quarrel; of all the silly things in this world a quarrel between married people seemed to me the silliest and most useless. Wedlock (as I once heard a cynic say) is an iron chain covered with velvet, and those couples only are wise who keep the soft covering on the chain.

As for me, I loved my fetters, and felt that my heart would break with the breaking of a single link. But I feared that Ronald had already caught a glimpse of the iron under the velvet, and had begun to sigh for release.

"Don't cry, Louise," he was saying, penitently. "You do make me feel myself such a brute when you take to weeping. And, really, you have wept so much lately, that we seem to be always living in a damp atmosphere. Why shouldn't we bask in the sun sometimes? Look up, dear, and tell me that you will try to be bright."

He might as well have commanded a dying woman to make an effort to live. All that I could do was to wipe away the tears, and struggle feebly to produce a smile.

"Never mind me, Ronald," I answered, seeing the disappointed look in his face. "I shall get stronger and wiser by-and-by. Sit there, in your favourite corner of the sofa, and sing and play. That will do me more good than anything else."

He needed no second bidding; the guitar, as usual, was close at hand, and he began to touch it with loving fingers.

"What shall I sing?" he asked. "I know; it shall be your own song, 'Sweetheart, sweetheart,'—I like it better than any you have ever written."

"Yes," I said eagerly; "I would rather hear that than anything else."

But even while I spoke, I remembered the days when I wrote those lines—days full of thankfulness, brightened by an intense belief in the immutability of our love.

I have sometimes wondered whether a great poet ever takes up his own volume, and recalls the time in which each song was born. The song lives on, fresh and sweet as when it first started into life; but only the writer can see the withered hopes—the poor faded dreams and worn-out associations that cling to every line. So many dead things are hanging round those living verses that I fancy the author can hardly sing them over to himself without tears. And as I sat quietly listening for the first words of my love-song, written in the spring, and touched with springtide hope and confidence, my heart was aching for the happier past.

But it was not the prelude to my song that my husband began to play. As he swept the strings, there came again that sweet, strange melody which always soothed, even while it baffled all attempts to catch its meaning.

Over and over he played that soft air, till the last trace of vexation faded out of his face; and his eyes, with a musing look in them, sought mine inquiringly. Again the music hushed all my troubled thoughts, as a nurse stills the fretful wailing of a child; again it seemed to murmur faintly of a coming time of peace and joy and rest.

"Shall I ever know where I learnt that air?" asked Ronald at last, letting the guitar rest on his knee. "Louise, I will tell you a curious thing. One night I was dining with some friends of Greystock's; they had a guitar in the room, and I took it up and tried to play our mysterious melody. But it would not come; and I had to give up the attempt to recall it. What do you think of that, little woman?"

"I don't know what to think, Ronald," I replied; "but I do know that there is something in the air that gives me new courage and comforts me as nothing else does. Perhaps it is a message from some unknown spirit friend. Who can tell?" And he echoed thoughtfully—"Who can tell?"

(To be continued.)

Singing from the Heart.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," says:—"I was reading the song beginning 'There's nae luck about the house' to a friend, as well as a tongue not Scottish would let me, while an intelligent young person, below the rank that is called a lady, sat at work in the room. She smiled as I concluded, and said, half to herself, 'Singing that song got my sister a husband!'"

"Is she so fine a singer?" inquired my friend. "No, ma'am, not a fine singer at all, only somehow everybody likes to hear her, because she seems to feel the words she sings, and so makes other people feel them. But it was her choosing that song that won William's love. He said that a woman who put so much heart into the description of a wife's joy at getting her husband home again would be sure to make a good wife herself. And so she does. There never was a happier couple. It has been a lucky song for them, I am sure!"

"Now, it seems to me that this true story is worth all the criticism in the world, both on this particular ballad, and on the manner of singing ballads in general. Let the poet and his songstress only put heart into them, and the lady, at least, sees her reward."

OPEN-AIR concerts have been lately given, with fair success, at the Albert Palace, in London. Although announced as of the "Café Chantant" type, there has been nothing objectionable about them, and the singing and the arrangement of the ballets reflect the greatest credit on the musical director. Thanks to the out-of-door displays at the Crystal Palace, Albert Palace, and Colonies Exhibition, London people have now a large share of *ad fresco* enjoyments.

Music RATHER THAN Charm.

—:o:—

Not very many weeks ago it was my luck to be, By Mrs. Smith, a friend of mine, invited out to tea. And there it was I chanced to meet of friends a goodly crew,

The ladies numbered ten or twelve, the masculines but two.

But though the cakes were very nice, the crumpets rich and good,

The conversation seemed to flag as no one thought it would.

The tea was strong and hot, and yet the atmosphere was cool,

Remarks fell splash, then died away, like stones thrown in a pool.

At last said Mrs. Smith to me, just rising from her seat,

"I wish you'd play us something, dear, it would be such a treat."

So with that fuss, which, as you know, great artists always make,

I suffered myself to be led, "A Martha to the stake,"

Once seated at the instrument I felt my spirits rise,

Reaching that fervent glow of art which nervousness defies.

My fingers wandered o'er the keys, and then to classics prone,

I played the grand E minor Fugue, composed by Mendelssohn.

And as the rippling prelude flowed with stately rhythmic grace,

Like night to day, the silence grim to buzz of talk gave place.

Till when its perfect last full close died lingering on the air,

Above the rest I heard the words—"I don't think satins wear!"

Then, stealing in with steady feet, the fugal strain began,

Caught up with echoes here and there its canon race it ran.

Now lost in headlong harmonies, now rising clear and true,

Each part took up the leading phrase, and drew it boldly through.

I fairly revelled as I played (and so did all the rest,

While into gossip sweet and loud they entered with much zest),

A sentence every now and then rose high above the din,

Such as "What! call her pretty; why, she's much too long and thin."

And, "What a pity Mrs. Jay has dyed her black hair yellow."

And, "Sorry Charley Cue has gone; he was a jolly fellow."

And, "Do you like potatoes boiled, or roasted in their skins?"

And, "Then you all show up your hands; the one that's highest wins."

At last I started firmly on those glorious major chords

That such a solemn choral tone the closing theme affords.

With tender haunting minor charm the last sweet cadence fell,

Choked in the chaos cloud of talk that round it seemed to swell.

And as I stopped the voices sank, in time to hear one say—

"Of course, I had to stay at home on such a beastly day."

"Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Smith. "A very pretty air;"

But can you play a lovely piece that's called "The Maiden's Prayer?" ! ! !

MARY L. PENDERED.

Literature of Music.

OLE BULL: a Memoir. By Sarah C. Bull.
London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THE name of Ole Bull is but little known in this country, but on the Continent and in America he was long regarded as another Paganini; and there can be no doubt of his having been a man of very original genius, and with extraordinary powers as an executant. His musical compositions were not of permanent value, and simply served to show off his own peculiar gifts; but if half the stories told in this volume by his widow of his power of exciting audiences are true, as a public performer he must have been the equal of Paganini and Liszt.

The pictures of his early days are very pretty. He was born in 1810, at Bergen, in Norway. His father was a physician and apothecary, and his early training was a strict one, though, from the fact that weekly quartette parties were held at the house of his uncle Jens, we gather that musical tastes were "in the family." However this may be, we find that when his uncle Jens gave him a little fiddle, when he was five years old, the child kissed and fondled it; and though he had to resort to his mother to turn the screws for tuning it, he was able to play tunes at once. Some time afterwards a new violin was given him, and the following pretty but tragic story is told concerning it:—

"I could not sleep for thinking of my new violin; when I heard father and mother breathing deep, I rose softly and lighted a candle, and in my night-clothes did go on tiptoe to open the case and take one little look. The violin was so red, and the pretty pearl screws did smile at me so! I pinched the strings just a little with my fingers. It smiled at me ever more and more. . . . Then I did try it just a very, very little, and it did sing to me so sweetly. Then I did creep farther away from the bedroom. At first I did play very soft. But presently I did begin a Capriccio which I like very much, and it did go ever louder and louder, and I forgot it was midnight and that everybody was asleep. Presently I heard something crack! and the next moment I feel my father's whip across my shoulders. My little red violin dropped on the floor and was broken. I wept very much for it, but it did no good. They did have a doctor to it next day, but it never recovered its health."

The boy was very fond of wandering among the mountains with his fiddle, sitting by the side of the waterfalls, and expressing in his music the thoughts with which Nature inspired him. At no time did he have much systematic teaching. We read of his having an instructor for a short time, but the two did not agree as to the way the violin should be held, and the lessons did not last long. He was almost entirely self-taught; and his answer to the King of Denmark, who inquired as to who his instructors had been, "The mountains of Norway, your Majesty," had more truth in it than might have been supposed.

At the age of nineteen he set off to Cassel, to call upon Spohr, the violinist and composer. He was, however, greatly disgusted with the cold reception accorded him, and disappointed with the master's playing. We then find him in Paris, where he lived for some time in great poverty. A story of this time of Vidocq, the detective, helping him to win money at a gambling-house, seems almost too strange to be true. From Paris he somehow or other found means to journey to Milan, where he gave a concert which brought him in fame and money. In Bologna he met Malibran, who, although at first indisposed towards him, by the fact of his being a rival of her husband, De Beriot, soon recognized his talent, and they be-

came warm friends. A curious story is told of her powers:—

"Ole Bull once admiring the ability with which Malibran read music at sight, she challenged him, saying, 'You cannot play anything, be it ever so intricate, but I can sing it after once hearing.' Ole Bull played a Capriccio full of technical difficulties, but she sang it correctly and, said he, 'I cannot even at this day, after forty-five or more years, understand how she did it.'"

A *Quartetto à violono Solo*, which he composed and played at this time, in which the violin performed four distinct parts, and kept up a continuous shake through fifteen bars, was an immense success, perfectly electrifying those who heard it in Rome and elsewhere. At Rome he met and associated with Thörwaldsen and other artistic Norsemen there.

In 1836 he visited England, and with Liszt seems to have won extraordinary triumphs. There is a story of Costa's intrigues against him that is by no means pleasant reading. Of concert tours in Russia, Germany, Sweden, France and Spain, the story is one of uniform triumph, diversified by amusing anecdotes, such as that of Queen Isabella, the easy-going Queen of Spain, wanting



to make him a general, because she thought he would look well in the uniform.

But in the United States he seems to have been most successful, and to have enjoyed himself most of all; the ladies raved about him, one writes of him as her precious "Ole Bulbul," comparing him to the nightingale; and, to descend to more prosaic matters, he made a great deal of money by his concerts there.

Of the rest of his life—his labours in establishing a National Theatre in Norway, the large sum of money he spent in connection with a Norwegian colony he founded in America, his attempts to improve the construction of pianofortes—a pleasant account is given in this memoir. Ole Bull was evidently an enthusiast, often guided by a too hasty judgment, but a man of warm and generous heart withal. This volume teams with anecdotes of the violinist and other artists, which will be found of interest by the musically inclined reader. Some—as that of taking his violin up the Pyramid of Cheops for the purpose of playing "Saeterbesog"

on his birthday in honour of the King of Norway—are very comical.

He was able in 1872 to purchase the estate of Lysekloster, on the Norwegian coast, where he had lived in his early days, and there, though spending part of his time in America where his wife's family lived, he passed the greater part of his latter days, and he died in his 71st year in 1880.

This book, though, being written by the musician's widow, rather too full of eulogistic notices taken from newspapers and letters of transient interest, is one that we can cordially recommend as the life of a man who—as Beethoven said of a far greater master, Schubert—"possessed something of the divine fire."

"Chobertstein."

"DON'T care for dancing?"

"No. I consider that the soul which can find pleasurable emotion in so inane a proceeding as capering about on a polished floor must be of the same order as a cat who runs round after its own tail, and not that of a well-balanced intellectual higher development."

"But if the floor be carpeted?"

"That is meant for a sneer, but I do not care—I am accustomed to be misunderstood; it is the martyrdom of mind."

"I beg your pardon! Indeed, I did not intend to sneer, but I confess I don't quite understand you. If you would only pity my ignorance, and give me a few lessons, perhaps I might prove an apt pupil."

The speakers were sitting in the bow window of the large drawing-room at Seaborough House, the biggest boarding-house in the place, watching an impromptu dance got up by the boarders. She was a girl you could not fail to admire—pretty, graceful, with refined, expressive features, and lovely dark eyes; he a moderately good-looking, tall young fellow, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, yellow hair, and intelligent, dreamy, thoughtful cast of face. He had just asked her to dance, and was met by the refusal indicated above. Her name was Mary Jones, and she had come with her young married friend, Laura Carter, to stay in Seaborough for the season. His name was Smith.

Now, among other qualities of various kinds, Mary—or, as her friends called her, to her great disgust, Mollie Jones—possessed that of impulsive enthusiasm, and at the time this story opens was entirely consumed by two devouring passions. One was the adoration of Chobertstein, the new composer, who had taken Europe by storm, and the other the most sovereign contempt of what she termed "the commonplace."

She positively withered under her own unromantic name, and would have been glad enough to sell every charm of face or figure she possessed to be the owner of a name like Madoline Vavasour or Imogen de Montmorency. She would never have been introduced to a young man with so dreadfully every-day a name as Smith had she known it in time, but she had consented to allow an introduction without catching his name, because he had "eyes that seemed to dive into Nature's mysteries," she said. As for him, no one seemed to know much about him, and probably people would have regarded him as a somewhat suspicious character had he not been seen talking to Lady Bella Donna on the Grand Parade one day, who likewise seemed very effusive and familiar with him. So the highly genteel boarders at Mrs. Splodgin's concluded that he was "nice," that being the correct expression to describe his evident familiarity with the aristocracy.

Now Mollie—I mean Mary Jones—rather prided

herself upon reading character, and thought those dark blue eyes of Smith's would not only be easy but very interesting to fathom. So she took more pains than usual to talk inflated platitudes to this young man, and impress him with her utter-out-of-the-wayness. Greatly to her surprise and chagrin, she found that she could no more understand the nature of this strange Smith than she could Egyptian hieroglyphics; and, what's more, she had the uncomfortable sensation that he was laughing inwardly at her efforts to do so.

Sometimes she thought that he was the silliest Smith she had ever seen, especially when she saw him walking furiously, or rapt heart and soul in tennis (which he did very badly), or flirting with some other girl (which he did very well). And then at other times he would launch a question at her that fairly posed her, or say something so thoughtfully original that for a moment she was lost in wonderment.

The conversation begun during the dancing was kept up between them for several days whenever they met—out walking, on the stairs, or the pier, or in the drawing-room.

One night it was too hot to dance as usual, so a "little music" was proposed.

Laura Carter of course hinted that her friend, Miss Jones, was a pianist, and accordingly Miss Jones was asked to play.

She was talking to Mr. Smith, but rose, after a little polite pressure, with a not-much-likely-you'll-appreciate-me sort of air, and took her seat at the piano.

In another second she had plunged recklessly into the intricacies of a "Rhapsody in G^{bb} Minor," or something of that kind, from which it appeared likely she would never emerge alive. After the thrill of horrified astonishment caused by the first two or three bars had passed off, the whole company, discovering that it was classical music, which gives license to talk, calmly settled down to the more interesting sound of their own tongues, and would have forgotten all about the piano, had not Mrs. Carter, with a stentorian "Thank you, dear," brought them to their senses at the end of the piece.

"What was that you played?" asked Mr. Smith, politely, as the fair pianist, rather hot and exhausted, seated herself again in her chair, with a scornful expression on her charming face.

"Don't you know?" with raised eyebrows and a look of shocked astonishment. "I thought every one with any culture knew the great masterpieces of Chobertstein."

"Who's he?" asked the ignorant Smith, indifferently.

"Don't know Chobertstein—the greatest modern composer of the day—whose exquisite melodies have found a place in the hearts of all nations, and whose name will be handed down as the first and greatest melodist of the 'Higher Cult'—oh! you are ignorant indeed, but I pity you. Not know Chobertstein—he is the one thing in this work-a-day world that makes life worth living."

"What do you like about him?" questioned the imperturbable Smith, gravely; "his music, his name, or what?"

She flashed at him a glance of reproach and scorn. "His soul," she said indignantly; "the soul that breathes in his dreamy 'Nocturnes,' his delicious 'Scherzos,' his magnificent 'Polonaises,' and wailing 'Elegies'!"

"How nice!" murmured the incorrigible Smith, under his breath.

From that day Mr. Smith had enough of Chobertstein. It was Chobertstein the consummate, Chobertstein the immaculate, the cultured, the utter, the soulful. Even when he once tried to change the subject to a more personal one, and told her that he was going away soon, and might he please take her heart with him, and would she marry him when he came back, she only lost sight of her divinity for a moment as she answered with sweet seriousness, not unmixed

with blushes, "I'm afraid I do like you a little, although your name is Smith, and in time I might get over that sufficiently to marry you, if only you would try to appreciate Chobertstein."

And he swore that he would fall down and worship Chobertstein—or anybody else—to please her; he also confided in her that he had another name beside Smith which they could use if she liked when they were married, but which he refused to tell her at present, saying, "It will do my darling good to exercise a little patience."

So they were actually engaged, and while all the other girls wondered what he could see in that "inane little idiot of a girl," the men declared that her taste was seriously to be deplored in choosing such an "uninteresting lanky duffer" as that Smith.

Not many days after their engagement was proclaimed, the lovers sat together alone in the huge drawing-room, talking as usual of music and Chobertstein (that is, Mollie was talking and trying to draw her lover out on the subject in vain), as she played fragments of the composer's choicest bits to her Smith. Suddenly he broke out—

"You didn't know I was a pianist, did you?"

"No, you're not."

"I say I am."

"Let me hear you, then," scornfully giving up her seat and preparing herself, with a smile, for some awful sounds.

Her face changed considerably however when, after a short preliminary prelude, his hands wandered into a slow dreamy movement of great beauty and musical power.

With open mouth she gazed thunderstruck at the masterly yet tender way he handled the keys, so smooth yet full of life and expression, utterly different from her own dashing bravura style.

At last she found words, as he finished playing and turned with a smile to look at her.

"That's Chobertstein," she gasped.

"It is my own," he answered firmly.

"Oh!!!!"

"You don't believe me?"

"No, of course not, I know it is Chobertstein."

"Well, I am Chobertstein!"

She went perfectly white for a minute and looked at him dumbly, reading truth in his eyes. Then she burst out—

"Oh, how could you call yourself Smith?" she said.

"Because I wanted a nice common name to disguise myself with, and, being half an Englishman, thought Smith would do as well as any other."

Without another word our impulsive Mollie threw herself at the feet of "the greatest modern composer," saying incoherently—

"Forgive me, but I can't believe it. I can't, it is too much honour; you have deceived me, sir; it is cruel, you have made a fool of me, and I deserve it; oh! what must you think of me?"

This was more than poor Smith Chobertstein had bargained for, but he did all he could under the circumstances—picked her up, kissed her, and made her promise to love the real Chobertstein as much as she had done the ideal.

"I wanted you to love me for myself, not because I was Chobertstein, or I should have told you sooner," he said.

Not many years after, a long fair mar. with deep blue eyes and wavy hair, was seated one evening at a grand piano, playing as if he were inspired. A hand is laid on his shoulder—

"Would you mind leaving off making a noise now, dear, as baby has just dropped off to sleep?"

"Noise, wife! I was just running through my new 'concerto,' that is to make my name immortal."

"Well, some of it is rather noisy, isn't it, dear?"

A sparkle came into the musician's dreamful

eyes as he said with mock severity, closing the instrument—

"I'm afraid my wife does not worship Chobertstein quite so much as she used to do?"

And she only said, softly laying her face against his waistcoat buttons—

"Perhaps not, but she loves him more."

MARY L. PENDERED.

Accidentals.

A PIANOFORTE suite by M. Lazare, founded on three notes only, D B A, and consisting of six separate pieces, has recently been published.

THE professors of Leamington have formed themselves into an association to bind themselves not to sing or play gratuitously at so-called charitable or benefit concerts. The example might usefully be followed by the professors in the metropolis.

THE Prime Minister and Mrs. Gladstone attended service in the Chapel Royal, St. James', on the 18th ult. The anthem was taken from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," in which occurred the words, "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers."

THAT veracious paper *Le Ménestrel* declares that the latest sensation in London are concerts given by "masked singers," who, of course, conceal their identity in the manner once fashionable in highwayman circles. It is a pity we know nothing of all this in London.

THE revivalist negro is rarely very strong in Biblical history. But for lovely anachronism, the following, quoted from the *American Art Journal*, fairly takes the prize:—

"In de days of de great tribulashun,
On a big desert island de Philistines put John,
But de ravens dey feed him till de dawn come roun',
Den he gib a big jump and flew up from de groun',
O come down, come down, John."

It may be added that the John referred to is St. John the Baptist.

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ABOUT the earliest concert advertisement is to be found in the *London Gazette* of December 30, 1672; it runs thus: "These are to give notice, that at Mr. John Banister's house (now called the Musick-school) over against the George Tavern in White Fryers, this present Monday, will be musick performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at 4 of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future, precisely at the same hour." Theatre and concert goers had to keep early hours in days when the music was given at four in the afternoon, and the play, as announced on the first play-bill issued a few years before, began at "three o'clock exactly." Another of Banister's advertisements in the *London Gazette* four years later shows a slight advance in the hour, for the "First part of the Parley of Instruments, composed by Mr. John Banister, and perform'd by eminent masters," is announced to begin at "six o'clock, and to continue nightly, as shall by bill or otherwise be notified. The tickets are to be delivered from one of the clock till five every day, and not after." It is to be regretted that the price of the tickets is not mentioned, as it would have been decidedly interesting for the purposes of comparison. This John Banister was a noted violinist in his day, and leader of King Charles's band.

It will not surprise us, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, if we shortly see the name of another "Princess" advertised on the walls of London and at the railway stations as a performer. The Princess Pignatelli, after prospering for a time at Berlin as a concert singer, made the Prussian capital too hot to hold her. Her Serene Highness shook off the dust of her feet against the Berliners, and took an engagement in Vienna. The Austrians did not show a proper appreciation for her musical gifts, and she soon found herself among the increasing army of the unemployed. She did not, however, like some other Princesses, turn Nihilist, but accepted a situation as barmaid in a Vienna wine-cellar. Here, for the time, she is reported to attract custom. The Austrian 'Arry is probably much gratified at having a live Princess to wait upon him. But her engagement can hardly last very long, because it is very expensive to be served by her. In deference to her high social standing she is relieved from the degradation of serving beer, and will only wait upon such customers as order champagne, Johannisberg, or such costly wines as a Princess can carry without compromising her dignity. If her Serene Highness will deign to try London she will probably take for a time both with our gilded youth and their emulating 'Arry.

THOUGH music is said to have a soothing influence on the savage breast, the rule by no means applies to the musicians themselves, who are yet possessed of extremely savage natures. And when musicians do fall out their discourse can scarcely be called the food of love. Take the curious passage of arms between Mr. Gwyllym Crowe and his piccolo player, who was dismissed from the orchestra of the Promenade Concerts by his leader, and brought his wrongs before Mr. Justice Denman. The piccolo player sought to recover damages for slander. Here are some extracts from the duet between Mr. Crowe and the piccolo player:—

P.P.: "If you do not put my name in the programmes and advertisements, I will not henceforth play a piccolo solo." Mr. Crowe thereupon caught him by the throat, and said, "You ungrateful scoundrel, I have a good mind to chuck you downstairs." Witness replied: "You are quite big enough to chuck me downstairs, but you must not do it." On the 5th of October witness went into the orchestra. Mr. Crowe said, "You shall not go on that platform any more." Witness asked what for. The defendant said, "Never

herself upon reading character, and thought those dark blue eyes of Smith's would not only be easy but very interesting to fathom. So she took more pains than usual to talk inflated platitudes to this young man, and impress him with her utter-out-of-the-wayness. Greatly to her surprise and chagrin, she found that she could no more understand the nature of this strange Smith than she could Egyptian hieroglyphics; and, what's more, she had the uncomfortable sensation that he was laughing inwardly at her efforts to do so.

Sometimes she thought that he was the silliest Smith she had ever seen, especially when she saw him walking furiously, or rapt heart and soul in tennis (which he did very badly), or flirting with some other girl (which he did very well). And then at other times he would launch a question at her that fairly posed her, or say something so thoughtfully original that for a moment she was lost in wonderment.

The conversation begun during the dancing was kept up between them for several days whenever they met—out walking, on the stairs, or the pier, or in the drawing-room.

One night it was too hot to dance as usual, so a "little music" was proposed.

Laura Carter of course hinted that her friend, Miss Jones, was a pianist, and accordingly Miss Jones was asked to play.

She was talking to Mr. Smith, but rose, after a little polite pressure, with a not-much-likely-you'll-appreciate-me sort of air, and took her seat at the piano.

In another second she had plunged recklessly into the intricacies of a "Rhapsody in G^{bb} Minor," or something of that kind, from which it appeared likely she would never emerge alive. After the thrill of horrified astonishment caused by the first two or three bars had passed off, the whole company, discovering that it was classical music, which gives license to talk, calmly settled down to the more interesting sound of their own tongues, and would have forgotten all about the piano, had not Mrs. Carter, with a stentorian "Thank you, dear," brought them to their senses at the end of the piece.

"What was that you played?" asked Mr. Smith, politely, as the fair pianist, rather hot and exhausted, seated herself again in her chair, with a scornful expression on her charming face.

"Don't you know?" with raised eyebrows and a look of shocked astonishment. "I thought every one with any culture knew the great masterpieces of Chobertstein."

"Who's he?" asked the ignorant Smith, indifferently.

"Don't know Chobertstein—the greatest modern composer of the day—whose exquisite melodies have found a place in the hearts of all nations, and whose name will be handed down as the first and greatest melodist of the 'Higher Cult'—oh! you are ignorant indeed, but I pity you. Not know Chobertstein—he is the one thing in this work-a-day world that makes life worth living."

"What do you like about him?" questioned the imperturbable Smith, gravely; "his music, his name, or what?"

She flashed at him a glance of reproach and scorn. "His soul," she said indignantly; "the soul that breathes in his dreamy 'Nocturnes,' his delicious 'Scherzos,' his magnificent 'Polonaises,' and wailing 'Elegies'!"

"How nice!" murmured the incorrigible Smith, under his breath.

From that day Mr. Smith had enough of Chobertstein. It was Chobertstein the consummate, Chobertstein the immaculate, the cultured, the utter, the soulful. Even when he once tried to change the subject to a more personal one, and told her that he was going away soon, and might he please take her heart with him, and would she marry him when he came back, she only lost sight of her divinity for a moment as she answered with sweet seriousness, not unmixed

with blushes, "I'm afraid I do like you a little, although your name is Smith, and in time I might get over that sufficiently to marry you, if only you would try to appreciate Chobertstein."

And he swore that he would fall down and worship Chobertstein—or anybody else—to please her; he also confided in her that he had another name beside Smith which they could use if she liked when they were married, but which he refused to tell her at present, saying, "It will do my darling good to exercise a little patience."

So they were actually engaged, and while all the other girls wondered what he could see in that "inane little idiot of a girl," the men declared that her taste was seriously to be deplored in choosing such an "uninteresting lanky duffer" as that Smith.

Not many days after their engagement was proclaimed, the lovers sat together alone in the huge drawing-room, talking as usual of music and Chobertstein (that is, Mollie was talking and trying to draw her lover out on the subject in vain), as she played fragments of the composer's choicest bits to her Smith. Suddenly he broke out—

"You didn't know I was a pianist, did you?"

"No, you're not."

"I say I am."

"Let me hear you, then," scornfully giving up her seat and preparing herself, with a smile, for some awful sounds.

Her face changed considerably however when, after a short preliminary prelude, his hands wandered into a slow dreamy movement of great beauty and musical power.

With open mouth she gazed thunderstruck at the masterly yet tender way he handled the keys, so smooth yet full of life and expression, utterly different from her own dashing bravura style.

At last she found words, as he finished playing and turned with a smile to look at her.

"That's Chobertstein," she gasped.

"It is my own," he answered firmly.

"Oh!!!!"

"You don't believe me?"

"No, of course not, I know it is Chobertstein."

"Well, I am Chobertstein!"

She went perfectly white for a minute and looked at him dumbly, reading truth in his eyes. Then she burst out—

"Oh, how could you call yourself Smith?" she said.

"Because I wanted a nice common name to disguise myself with, and, being half an Englishman, thought Smith would do as well as any other."

Without another word our impulsive Mollie threw herself at the feet of "the greatest modern composer," saying incoherently—

"Forgive me, but I can't believe it. I can't, it is too much honour; you have deceived me, sir; it is cruel, you have made a fool of me, and I deserve it; oh! what must you think of me?"

This was more than poor Smith Chobertstein had bargained for, but he did all he could under the circumstances—picked her up, kissed her, and made her promise to love the real Chobertstein as much as she had done the ideal.

"I wanted you to love me for myself, not because I was Chobertstein, or I should have told you sooner," he said.

Not many years after, a long fair mar. with deep blue eyes and wavy hair, was seated one evening at a grand piano, playing as if he were inspired. A hand is laid on his shoulder—

"Would you mind leaving off making a noise now, dear, as baby has just dropped off to sleep?"

"Noise, wife! I was just running through my new 'concerto,' that is to make my name immortal."

"Well, some of it is rather noisy, isn't it, dear?"

A sparkle came into the musician's dreamful

eyes as he said with mock severity, closing the instrument—

"I'm afraid my wife does not worship Chobertstein quite so much as she used to do?"

And she only said, softly laying her face against his waistcoat buttons—

"Perhaps not, but she loves him more."

MARY L. PENDERED.

Accidentals.

A PIANOFORTE suite by M. Lazare, founded on three notes only, D B A, and consisting of six separate pieces, has recently been published.

THE professors of Leamington have formed themselves into an association to bind themselves not to sing or play gratuitously at so-called charitable or benefit concerts. The example might usefully be followed by the professors in the metropolis.

THE Prime Minister and Mrs. Gladstone attended service in the Chapel Royal, St. James', on the 18th ult. The anthem was taken from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," in which occurred the words, "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers."

THAT veracious paper *Le Ménestrel* declares that the latest sensation in London are concerts given by "masked singers," who, of course, conceal their identity in the manner once fashionable in highwayman circles. It is a pity we know nothing of all this in London.

THE revivalist negro is rarely very strong in Biblical history. But for lovely anachronism, the following, quoted from the *American Art Journal*, fairly takes the prize:—

"In de days of de great tribulashun,
On a big desert island de Philistines put John,
But de ravens dey feed him till de dawn come roun',
Den he gib a big jump and flew up frum de groun',
O come down, come down, John."

It may be added that the John referred to is St. John the Baptist.

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THE following moralizings of the *Morning Post* are perhaps worth quoting:—"One of the most inexplicable qualities of the British mind is exhibited in the readiness with which it accepts and the tenacity with which it clings to certain matters because they are convenient. This is found in the attitude observed as regards Italian

opera. The public supports it under the impression that it still represents the highest forms of musical art. They listen to the delivery of the composer's ideas in what is believed to be the tongue to which the music was written, by performers who are credited with perfect knowledge of the language. How much the poet's ideas suffer may be left to the imagination. How little edification there can be in such a form of representation to the audience may be guessed, but cannot be told. How much better it would be for the cause of music in this country and for the advantage of audiences, how much greater gain it would be to composers and authors, to have their works performed in the vernacular, cannot be estimated. The time ought not to be far distant when a national opera in the national tongue shall be the outcome of the national effort now being made on all sides to improve the condition of musical art."

ABOUT the earliest concert advertisement is to be found in the *London Gazette* of December 30, 1672; it runs thus: "These are to give notice, that at Mr. John Banister's house (now called the Musick-school) over against the George Tavern in White Fryers, this present Monday, will be musick performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at 4 of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future, precisely at the same hour." Theatre and concert goers had to keep early hours in days when the music was given at four in the afternoon, and the play, as announced on the first play-bill issued a few years before, began at "three o'clock exactly." Another of Banister's advertisements in the *London Gazette* four years later shows a slight advance in the hour, for the "First part of the Parley of Instruments, composed by Mr. John Banister, and perform'd by eminent masters," is announced to begin at "six o'clock, and to continue nightly, as shall by bill or otherwise be notified. The tickets are to be delivered from one of the clock till five every day, and not after." It is to be regretted that the price of the tickets is not mentioned, as it would have been decidedly interesting for the purposes of comparison. This John Banister was a noted violinist in his day, and leader of King Charles's band.

It will not surprise us, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, if we shortly see the name of another "Princess" advertised on the walls of London and at the railway stations as a performer. The Princess Pignatelli, after prospering for a time at Berlin as a concert singer, made the Prussian capital too hot to hold her. Her Serene Highness shook off the dust of her feet against the Berliners, and took an engagement in Vienna. The Austrians did not show a proper appreciation for her musical gifts, and she soon found herself among the increasing army of the unemployed. She did not, however, like some other Princesses, turn Nihilist, but accepted a situation as barmaid in a Vienna wine-cellar. Here, for the time, she is reported to attract custom. The Austrian 'Arry is probably much gratified at having a live Princess to wait upon him. But her engagement can hardly last very long, because it is very expensive to be served by her. In deference to her high social standing she is relieved from the degradation of serving beer, and will only wait upon such customers as order champagne, Johannisberg, or such costly wines as a Princess can carry without compromising her dignity. If her Serene Highness will deign to try London she will probably take for a time both with our gilded youth and their emulating 'Arry.

THOUGH music is said to have a soothing influence on the savage breast, the rule by no means applies to the musicians themselves, who are yet possessed of extremely savage natures. And when musicians do fall out their discourse can scarcely be called the food of love. Take the curious passage of arms between Mr. Gwyllym Crowe and his piccolo player, who was dismissed from the orchestra of the Promenade Concerts by his leader, and brought his wrongs before Mr. Justice Denman. The piccolo player sought to recover damages for slander. Here are some extracts from the duel between Mr. Crowe and the piccolo player:—

P.P.: "If you do not put my name in the programmes and advertisements, I will not henceforth play a piccolo solo." Mr. Crowe thereupon caught him by the throat, and said, "You ungrateful scoundrel, I have a good mind to chuck you downstairs." Witness replied: "You are quite big enough to chuck me downstairs, but you must not do it." On the 5th of October witness went into the orchestra. Mr. Crowe said, "You shall not go on that platform any more." Witness asked what for. The defendant said, "Never

mind what for; you shall not go on that platform any more, and if you do not get out of the theatre I will kick you out." Witness asked the reason, and the defendant said, "You are a scoundrel and a convicted thief." Witness: "There is no necessity to kick me out: let me have my instruments from the orchestra, and I will walk out." He would not allow this, but he called out, "Fugh, fetch this man's tools, and see him to the door and kick him out."

And so went this pleasant game of swearing see-saw. However, the slander was not proved, and the jury only allowed some insignificant damages.

THE image of our "Great Mother of Windsor Palace" will live long in the minds of the natives who were entertained at Windsor Palace. The reception took place in the Waterloo Gallery, which certainly never witnessed a more striking spectacle. The Hindoos knelt, offered their *nuggurs*, and kissed the Queen's feet, the corpulent *kinhab* weaver charmed Her Majesty with the popular song of "Balbul Balbul;" Nazir Hussien intoned the Urdu ode which he had written in honour of the occasion; the Kaffirs played on some barbarous instruments, the Red Indian blow-pipe man missed the target; and the Bushman twanged piteously on his one-stringed harp. Thus sang Nazir Hussien to Queen Victoria, Empress of Hindostan: "Head of all kings and rulers, monarch of monarchs, the one in all Her Majesty the Queen. The great and generous Buddha is worthy only to pick flowers at thy feet. All living in the earth are under thy care, thou great Ruler, in this thy fiftieth year of reign, all under thy sway, both rich and poor, from kings and princes to beggars, are happy and grateful to thee for thy kindness and condescension. That thy reign may prosper and daily increase, in God's blessing, is the perpetual prayer of all India." To paraphrase the words of these impressionable beings on the return from Windsor, "It was a day of delight, the like of which we shall never see again; the Mother was not large of stature—for the Mother of millions—nor was her voice as thunder before which the earth trembled, but she smiled upon us when we saluted her, and her voice was sweet and low like unto the middle notes of a lute, and all seemed to love her. When we sang to her, her eyes never left us and the music seemed sweet to her ears."

ALTHOUGH no official intimation of the fact, says the *Graphic*, will be made until after the religious wedding at Madrid in September, we understand that the civil marriage of Mme. Christine Nilsson and the Count Casa de Miranda has already been celebrated in London in the presence of the Spanish and Swedish Ministers. The Queen of Spain has sent as a wedding present a diamond and pearl brooch. Her Majesty the Queen has given her portrait in an exquisitely carved oxidized silver frame. Beneath the portrait is a small autograph signature, "Victoria Reg." and the date, "Osborne, June 14, 1886;" and the Rothschild family have sent a pair of brown thoroughbred carriage-horses and a massive silver dessert service. The bride is forty-three and the bridegroom forty-five; while the Count has already a daughter twenty years old, whom Mme. Nilsson some time ago adopted. King Oscar of Sweden and other royalties have sent letters of congratulation. Although not strictly a musical topic, our lady readers may doubtless be glad of some brief description of the *trousseau*. At the civil ceremony the costume was a pale blue lurah dress embroidered with *point d'Angleterre*, and bonnet to match. The "going away" dress is tailor-cut blue serge spotted with yellow, and with gold buttons bearing the bride's married initials, which being "C. M." happen to be identical with those of her husband. The real wedding-dress at the religious ceremony will be a very pale heliotrope *peluche*, with gauze in front, trimmed with a delicate lilac *clair de lune*, jet collar, high, trimmed with pearls, tulle bonnet trimmed with pearls and a bunch of tea-roses. Next comes Mme. Nilsson's "state" dress, in which she will be presented at the Spanish Court, where the Count de Miranda is Chamberlain. This wondrous costume is a rich white broché silk, with short skirt, bodice, and *devant de jupe*, covered with Brussels lace, the long train trimmed, according to Spanish etiquette, with white ostrich feathers. The necklace and diadem are of the "Nilsson" diamonds. For more homely use there are two tea-gowns, one of grey poplin, and the other a pink lurah, both smothered in lace. A dinner costume is of a pale blue *crêpe de Chine*, with apron and bodice, all embroidered with gold, deep collar, *point d'Alençon* and blue broché silk train. Lastly, the evening dress of lilac *faillie*, covered with silver embroidery, and the white tulle ball toilette, trimmed with roses and little knots or bouquets of lace and pearls.

"Auf der Kneipe."

—:o:—

IF there is one feature which more than another distinguishes German student life, it is the "Kneipe." Not every student fights duels, in fact the majority do not; but the student who does not "Kneipe" must be as rare as the costermonger who does not swear. The English reader may perhaps here exclaim that he does not know what a "Kneipe" is. Patience. The object of this paper is to enlighten him. To the English 'Varsity man I will expound the term as denoting "wine," with, in some cases, a flavouring of the College Debating Society.

In German Universities there are no colleges, so the students supply the deficiency by forming voluntary clubs or societies, "Corps," "Burschenschafts," "Vereins." The two former have for their main objects the drinking of inordinate quantities of beer, and the disfigurement of each other's faces. The members of the "Vereins," generally men who are studying the same subject, combine for the more peaceable objects of mutual help in work, and the furtherance of social intercourse. The great engine by means of which both of these objects are attained, the embodiment of both in one beautiful and harmonious whole, is the "Kneipe." We are going this evening to "Kneipe" with the "Neu-Philologische-Verein." Don't be bashful: there are always several visitors present, and you are sure of a hearty welcome.

It has just struck eight, and as we come upon the scene of action, a large room above a restaurant, we are greeted by about twenty-five men, ranging from twenty to thirty years of age, who are standing about in groups chatting. There is no difficulty about introduction; the student custom is simplicity itself. A man approaches you; "My name is Schmidt," says he; "My name is Brown," you reply, and the thing is done. The tables are arranged so as to form three sides of a square, and are laid out with glasses, ash-trays, etc. But the interest of all is now centred upon a solemn and cadaverous-looking man in a corner of the room, who is apparently intent upon inserting a stomach-pump into an enormous cask of beer. This official is technically called the "Fax," and his duty is to serve out the ammunition in the coming affray, and to carry home the wounded, if need be, in a wheelbarrow. Just as the stomach-pump begins to operate, there enter three gorgeous beings, resplendent in official dress, large sashes, and coloured caps—the president, treasurer, and secretary. The two latter take their places at the extremities of the table, the President, standing in the middle, bangs upon the table with a duelling sword which lies by his side, and cries out, "Silentium! Ad loca!" In a few seconds all have taken their places, and the "scientific" portion of the "Kneipe" begins. At this moment two University Professors enter the room. It is very pleasant, if somewhat remarkable, to find the most famous Professors attending, and taking an active part in these students' gatherings.

The student who is to read the paper for the evening now rises, and we find that his subject is "Charles Dickens," whose works are widely read in Germany, both in translations and in the original. The paper shows a very fair appreciation of the spirit and style of our great English novelist, and dwells with loving approval on the final judgment which befell the Rev. Mr. Stiggins at the hands of Mr. Weller, senior. This passage is almost a *locus classicus* among English-reading Germans, and in the copy of "Pickwick" belonging to the philosopher Schopenhauer was found the following gloss: "The author showeth here allegorically how the English nation ought to treat that set of hypocrites, impostors, and money-graspers, the clergy of the established humbug, that devours annually £3,500,000."

After the paper, and a short discussion, during which the beer-glasses are noiselessly emptied by the audience, and as noiselessly refilled by the "Fax" (by aid of the stomach-pump, of which the use is now apparent), the real "Kneipe" begins. Books of students' songs, containing music and words, are placed round the tables (fat, solemn-looking volumes, reminding one of the later editions of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern"), the President gives out the number (which strengthens the illusion), and off we go, all singing in unison, to a pianoforte accompaniment. Would it not tend to raise the somewhat low tone of an Oxford "wine" if some such songs

as these German students sing could be substituted for the music-hall rubbish which seems to be the staple musical diet of the average 'Varsity man? These song-books contain ditties of all sorts and kinds, from patriotic songs in praise of United Germany down to a lament on the sad fate of a herring who, having lost his heart to an oyster, lost his head in a daring attempt to steal a kiss from her succulent lips. The trinity of "Wein, Weib und Gesang" have all their appointed place, yet from beginning to end there is no trace of vulgarity or unseemliness. At the close of the song, the President calls for silence. One unlucky wight at the end of the table continues singing: "Est modus in rebus," and the President's word is law. So he is ordered to stand up and drain his glass, which he does without difficulty, being used to it.

We are now going to give one of the Professors the honour of a "Salamanderei," a mystical rite, which may require explanation. All the company rises (except the recipient of the compliment). "Are your glasses filled?" asks the President. "They are," we shout in answer. "One, two, three—off!" and before you can say Jack Robinson, the empty glasses are all rattling on the table, and, with one final, simultaneous bang, the "Salamander" is over.

The ice, if there was any, is now thoroughly broken. Everybody is drinking with everybody else, for though in England we have given up "taking wine" with each other, the custom still flourishes in wonderful complexity among German students, and an undercurrent of "Prosit" runs through the conversation during the whole evening. But here comes my friend M., who introduced me to the Verein, a trifle unsteady about the legs, but with beer and affection beaming from his eye. Will I drink "Bruderschaft?" Of course; so, intertwining our arms, we drain our glasses and shake hands. "Marry my sister, pay my debts and be my faithful friend" is the solemn formula; and henceforth we use the pronoun of affection, "du."

The President has now retired from the chair, and one of the Professors is deputed to take his place. He is a hard-headed man, and has no pity for the shirker: so every breach of drinking etiquette (the beer-laws are both strict and complicated) is visited at once by the usual penalty, "Drink out." One culprit, probably because he boasts of a voice like a frog with a cold, is condemned to sing, and, being rather nervous, is hoisted on to the table to give him confidence. And now comes the crowning ceremony of the evening. A vast horn, set with silver, and about a yard long, is brought in, filled to the brim, and handed to the President. Standing up, with the horn in his arms, he sings a verse of a song, takes a long pull, and hands it to his left-hand neighbour. So it goes the round of the tables, each one having to season his draught with a song, or an apt quotation. But when it reaches the man on the right of the President, having made the whole circle, it still contains enough to satisfy two very thirsty men. But, it must be finished. He is an Englishman, and feels that the honour of his country is at stake. "Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit!" cries he, and putting the horn to his lips takes a draught like the draught of the god Thor, when he tried in vain to drain the horn whose bottom rested on the bed of the sea. But, more successful than the Thunderer, he perseveres, until, with one final gulp, he turns the horn upside down, and only a few drops of froth trickle down the side and fall upon the floor, as a libation to the God of Beer. So ends the Kneipe, and as we pick up our hats and sticks and file out of the room, we catch sight of the "Fax" asleep in his corner with his head on the cask, like the presiding genius of the place.—*The Graphic*.

Foreign Notes.

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MEYERBEER's widow has died at Wiesbaden, at the age of eighty-two.

THE great Liszt Concert at Mayence, for the benefit to the Orchestral Pension Fund, is to take place on August 26.

Le Ménestrel announces that M. Pasdeloup intends next winter to resume his popular concerts at the Cirque d'Hiver.

THE first representation of "Flora Mirabilis," a new opera by a young Greek composer, named Samara, at Milan has been a marked success.

PROFESSOR AUGUST WILHELMJ, the celebrated violinist, at present residing in his beautiful villa near Wiesbaden, is reported to intend forming a string quartet, entirely devoted to chamber music, in the style of the once famous Florentine Quartet.

MR. MAURICE STROKOSCH has discovered a new Swedish soprano, and he declares that when Liszt heard her (where it is not stated) the pianist said, "Since Patri and Nilsson he had not met an artist so gifted."

FROM Dresden it is reported that Herr Emil Scaria, the famous bass of the Vienna Imperial Opera, and one of the best singers of Wagner's music, who has for some time past been deranged, has died from apoplexy.

THE death is announced of August Riccius, for some time conductor of the Opera at Leipzig and afterwards at Hamburg, but better known of late years as a musical critic in the last-named city.

It is stated that the deficit on last winter's season of the Berlin Philharmonic Society which Karl Klindworth and Joachim jointly conduct, amounts to nearly £1000, which the guarantors will have to pay.

A NEW soprano has just been engaged at the Opéra, Paris, Mlle. d'Alvar, a lady who, we are told, took a prize in tragedy at the Conservatoire a few years ago under another name. She is a pupil of M. Giraudet.

THE Bayreuth Festival Plays have been resumed. Wagner's "Parsifal" and "Tristan und Isolde" are announced for repetition alternately on Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays up to August 20 inclusive, in the theatre built expressly for the performance of Wagner's latest "opera-dramas."

Bayreuth is the natural scene of every ceremony which has Wagner, or his kith and kin, for its inspiring purpose. It was at Bayreuth, accordingly, where Fräulein Daniela von Bülow was married the other day to a young professor of the University of Bonn. The bride is a daughter of Dr. Hans von Bülow, and of the lady who afterwards became Frau Cosima Wagner. The Abbé Liszt, grandfather of the bride, was present at the wedding.

ORCHESTRA leaders, as a rule, are a long-lived race in this country, as elsewhere. It is rare, however, to hear of one who has wielded the bâton during sixty years, as M. Mézeray, the "father" of French conductors, has done. He now retires into well-earned *otium cum dignitate* from the post he has filled at the Bordeaux Grand Theatre since 1843. M. Mézeray was only sixteen when he first ruled the Verviers band, and he has since directed those of Liège, the Hague, Ghent, Rouen, Marseilles, and Bordeaux.

THE Viennese "Musikfreunde" and the Commission of Works have been at loggerheads over the tomb of Beethoven. The musical society, supported by the municipality, wishes to build in the new central cemetery (to which the composer's remains were recently transported) a tomb on the model of the old one, but the Government officials have other views, and the difference between them has yet to be arranged. It is a little like the old story of Homer and the seven cities.

THE committee of the Mozarteum at Salzburg propose next year to celebrate the centenary of the first performance of "Don Juan," which took place at Prague on October 29, 1787. The committee intend to publish on this occasion a volume giving, as far as possible, a complete account of all the performances of the opera of which it is possible to obtain particulars. A circular has been sent to all the chief theatres, conservatoires, and musical societies throughout the world, inviting them to commemorate the centenary either by giving a grand

performance of "Don Juan" or by a special concert in honour of Mozart.

PARIS presented its usual gay spectacle on July 14, the National Fête. For days beforehand preparations had been made—millions of gas jets had been fixed, in festoon form, down the Champs Elysées, Place de la Concorde, and the principal thoroughfares; scaffolding for fireworks had been prepared; strange devices for public buildings—everything to tickle the public palate. Great was the consternation, therefore, on waking to behold the unfavourable weather—a drizzling rain; but soon after noon it cleared up, and the evening was all that could be desired. In several streets, places had been railed off by Chinese lanterns, for a public ball. In the middle was a bandstand gaily decked, and the whole scene was most fairy-like. One cannot but admire the behaviour of a French crowd; so quiet and orderly, as if such a thing happened every day, and they were quite too well-bred to make a fuss about it. So much for the evening performance, but the morning programme was as attractive in its way. As usual on the 14th, the Opera and all the principal theatres gave a gratuitous matinée. So eager were the people to avail themselves of this privilege, that many waited at the Opera doors from quite the small hours in the morning, some even had been there all the previous night, although the performance did not commence till two o'clock in the afternoon. But they were rewarded. The piece chosen was "La Juive," and it was played as it deserved to be, and nowhere else could it have been so well rendered. The *mise en scène* was almost perfection. At the end of the second act Melchisédec came forward—dressed as a foot-soldier, and carrying a flag—to sing the Marseillaise. The audience was enthusiastic, and demanded an encore. At most of the theatres this air received a prominent place.

THE remains of Max Schneckenburger, the author of the well-known German song, "Die Wacht am Rhein," who died at Burgdorf on May 3, 1849, were disinterred on the 16th ult., in order to be transferred to the author's native place, Thalheim, near Tuttlingen, in Wurtemberg, in conformity with the wish which he expressed before his death. A deputation from the committee formed to collect subscriptions for erecting a statue to the deceased at Tuttlingen took charge of the coffin in which the remains were placed, and after a solemn funeral service had been performed, conveyed it to the railway station, escorted by the German residents there and a large concourse of people.

THE *Journal de Saint-Petersbourg* has published the conditions of an International competition founded by Antén Rubinstein, of which the following are the principal conditions:—The interest of 25,000 roubles, or about £4000, deposited in the Bank of Russia, will defray the expenses of the competition and provide prizes. The competitions are to be held every five years. Two prizes, each of £200, are to be awarded to two competitors, or to one only if both a composer and pianist; but if the merit be not sufficient, prizes of half the value may be awarded. The first competition is to take place in 1890 at St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. All between the ages of twenty and twenty-six and of the masculine gender, of whatever nationality, may compete. The composers must send in concertos with orchestral accompaniment and pieces for piano without accompaniment, and executants must play concertos and accompanied pieces.

IN accepting the dedication of "Mors et Vita," the Pope expressed his desire to hear the oratorio performed under the composer's direction in Rome, during the year of his sacerdotal jubilee, which begins on the 31st of December next. It is now announced that M. Gounod will fulfil the Holy Father's wishes by organizing and conducting this winter in Rome a grand performance of the work. In the meantime M. Gounod will have another public function to perform. He has been asked to read the annual lecture at the general séance of the French Institute on the 25th of October, and has chosen "Nature and Art" as the subject of his discourse. This will give him an opportunity of amplifying in public the decided opinions on the tendencies of modern music and the heresies of the younger French school to which the composer of "Faust" has so often given utterance since his own influence in France began to decline.

Musical Notes and News.

MR. CARL ROSA has been elected a member of the Council of the Royal College of Music. He had the honour of being proposed by the Prince of Wales.

THE Durham University has conferred upon Mr. W. Rca, of Newcastle, the degree of Mus. Doc. *honoris causa*. Mr. Rca well deserves the compliment, for he has done admirable service in developing the musical taste and resources about the coal Tyne.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has been invited to preside at the Welsh Eisteddfod in the ensuing autumn, but has been compelled to decline on the ground that he expects to be abroad at the time at which the celebration takes place.

MME. PATTI (accompanied by Mme. Scalchi, Messrs. Novaro, Galassi, and Arditi) will sail for New York on November 7. Her American repertory will comprise recitals in costume of selections from "Faust," "Semiramide," "Linda," "Traviata," "Lucia," "Trovatore," "L'Elisir," and other operas, and the tour will extend to San Francisco, and afterwards Mexico.

A CONVERSAZIONE of the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland was recently held at the South Kensington Museum. There was a numerous attendance. An exhibition of Miss Chreiman's musical physical exercises was given in the lecture theatre, under Miss Chreiman's direction.

AN audience of 25,000 people recently assembled in Vernon Park, Stockport, to hear a sacred concert given by a choir and orchestra of over 400, conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Wilkinson, in aid of the Stockport Infirmary. This was the first Sunday concert held in the town, and when an application for the use of the park was made, strong opposition was offered in the town council and by religious bodies. The sum of £130 was raised.

AT a special meeting of the Corporation of the Royal Albert Hall, a proposal was discussed for making an application to the Queen for a Supplemental Charter to enable the Council to lease the conservatory, quadrants, and gardens adjoining the Hall at the close of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, but a decision on the subject was adjourned till November.

MR. CARL ROSA proposes to enter the operatic field early in the season. Mr. Frederick Corder's new Norwegian opera will be produced at Liverpool about the third week of January, with Mme. Julia Gaylord in the chief part. Musical Liverpool will then doubtless give hearty welcome to the London critics, some of whom, owing to the extraordinary proceedings of the Exhibition authorities, seem to have formed an entirely erroneous idea of the art instincts of the second city in the Empire.

MME. PATTI on the 15th ultimo made her only appearance this season in opera. From the year 1861, when the then useful artist first stepped on the metropolitan stage in the peasant costume of Amina, and in the course of a single evening fairly sang herself into the hearts of her audience, until the present time, Mme. Patti has been the star of the Royal Italian Opera. Her terms are now so high (for her forthcoming London concert in October she has, we understand, been offered £600) that no manager can afford to engage her. Therefore this season the great artist, for the first time for upwards of a quarter of a century, has not found a place in a regular operatic programme. But on Thursday, partly in order to preserve unbroken her London operatic career, partly to assist Mr. J. H. Mapleson, she sang her

familiar part of Rosina in "Il Barbiere" for Mr. Mapleson's benefit at Drury Lane. The most extraordinary prices were given for seats, several stalls being disposed of at £3 each. In the character of Rosina Mme. Patti has had no rival, she sang and acted with all her original charm and brightness. Her singing in the "lesson scene" was particularly delightful, and the applause which she evoked in this part of the opera was extremely enthusiastic.

THE stage of Drury Lane Theatre presented the appearance of a lovely flower garden. One of the finest offerings was a ship of flowers, the sails of which were made of ferns; and Mr. Mapleson handed to Mme. Patti a gigantic basket of roses. A fine wicker tripod of flowers was also conspicuous amongst the floral offerings. The number of different bouquets and the variety of shape exhibited in their artistic designs were also noteworthy.

MR. HENRY IRVING has presented Mme. Patti with a beautiful mother-of-pearl fan, ornamented with three little *genre* pictures, and covered with point d'Angle terre. Lord Rothschild also has sent the accomplished singer a paper-knife of tortoise-shell, the handle and the name of Mme. Patti one blaze of diamonds.

AFTER a brief holiday Madame Roze will sing at the State Concerts at Copenhagen, and later before the King and Queen of Holland at the Hague.

MRS. ROSITA FOLI, the wife of the eminent basso, has just published a clever story of Monte Carlo, entitled "The Last Stake," which introduces many individuals well known in the world of music.

AN oratorio, "Isaiah," by the celebrated Italian conductor, Signor Mancinelli, has been accepted as one of the principal novelties at next year's Norwich Triennial Festival.

It is said that the students of the Royal College of Music contemplate revivals of unfamiliar operas by Gluck, Méhul, Boieldieu, and Auber, and it is hoped also some by British composers.

THE Richter Concerts are to be resumed in the autumn, when only three performances are promised; but another season of nine entertainments is to take place next summer.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has attended a special rehearsal by the Leeds Festival chorus in order to complete his direction of Bach's Mass in B minor. Several of the choral numbers were tried.

THE well-known violinist and conductor, M. Kettenus, has entered upon his duties as director of the music at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. Such an opportunity is calculated to raise the hitherto somewhat low standard of seaside music.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT, having been invited to preside at the Welsh National Eisteddfod next September, has addressed the following letter to Mr. Lewis Morris, chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Eisteddfod Association:—

"ONE ASH, ROCHDALE.

"DEAR MR. MORRIS,—There is no chance of my being able to preside on one of the days of your great meeting at Carnarvon in September next, so I must ask your friends to excuse me. I always feel a great interest in the Welsh people, as I have great admiration for their beautiful country. Some of the happiest days of my life have been spent amongst her lovely scenery, and no year passes during which I do not spend some days or weeks within her. If I have friends in Wales, as you suggest, I can only send them my good wishes and many thanks for their good opinion of me.—Yours very sincerely, JOHN BRIGHT."

THE negotiations for the granting of a five years' lease of the Royal Italian Opera to Mr. J. H. Mapleson have fallen through. Mr. Mapleson therefore proposes to continue his provincial tour till the season ends at Brighton, about December 18, and he will, he hopes, then sail for New York, opening at the Academy of Music on January 3, and not returning to England till after the Boston Operatic Festival ends on May 20. Covent Garden will therefore be let for the Promenade Concerts from August 14; and it is alleged that Signor Lago contemplates a brief Italian season at cheap prices in November, before the circus opens at Christmas.

At Lambeth County Court, on the 7th ult., Judge Powell gave judgment in the case of *Walters v. Motz*, in which a point of considerable interest to pianoforte hirers was raised. The defendant hired a pianoforte from the plaintiff, and, after paying ten instalments, failed to pay the instalments due on February 24 and March 25 last, whereupon the plaintiff took possession of the pianoforte, and claimed for the instalments due. His Honour, at the first hearing of the case, expressed a doubt as to whether the plaintiff could recover the instalments remaining due as well as resume possession of the pianoforte, but now stated that, upon consideration, he was of opinion that he could do so. The contract, he said, was one of hire, with a proviso that upon full payment for the use of the pianoforte, it should become the property of the defendant, and as the defendant had the piano on hire for two months longer than he paid for it, and declined the plaintiff's offer to let him have the piano back upon his paying the instalments overdue, he thought the plaintiff was entitled to keep the pianoforte, and also recover the instalments which had become due before he resumed possession of it. He therefore gave judgment for the plaintiff for £2 2s., with costs.

MR. CHARLES GODFREY'S case came before the Official Receiver of the Court of Bankruptcy on the 12th ult. The debtor, a well-known comic singer, had a receiving order made against him on the 2nd ult., and he has furnished accounts showing liabilities £1342, of which £742 are unsecured; with assets £672 10s. The debtor states that he has been a music-hall singer for about ten years, his income being from £50 to £60 per week when he is engaged. Further, that in August last he took the Castle Tavern and Music-hall, Camberwell Road, in payment for which he gave forty-eight acceptances of £50 each, payable monthly, and which he carried on until January, when he alleges that the vendor wrongfully ejected him from the premises, in consequence of which he instituted an action which is still pending, his claim amounting to £629 10s., and which appears as an asset in the statement of affairs. In his examination he stated his expenditure included £10 per week for housekeeping, broughams £5, £5 for songs, costumes £5, and incidental expenses £12 a week. It was true that these items would not exhaust his earnings; but he supposed that the balance went along with the £12. He had, however, lost money by betting—about £400 in 1884, £500 in 1885, and £200 in 1886.

THE annual prize festival of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, Upper Norwood, took place on the 10th ult. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster presided. The visitors first inspected the boys' gymnasium and the classes in kindergarten and modelling, thence passing on to the concert-hall, where an excellent programme was executed by the pupils, Mr. Alfred Hollin's performance at the piano being particularly noteworthy. When the prizes had been distributed by her Grace the Duchess, the Duke of Westminster made a short statement in regard to the work of the year. There were now, he said, 175 pupils, male and female, in the college, and there were 100 old pupils who were earning their own living, their aggregate earnings amounting to between £8000 and £9000 a year, or an average of £80 each. His Grace complimented the musical performers on the progress they had made since the last annual meeting. Mr. Hollins, the pupil who had played the piano, was going again to America, where he received £20 a night for his performances. His Grace, in conclusion, alluded to the invaluable services of Dr. Campbell the Principal, to whom the success of the institution is largely due. People who employ old pupils of the college to tune their pianos may have confidence in their ability, for not only are the blind, owing to their keenness of hearing, good tuners, but before leaving the

college they are put through a severe examination by two gentlemen from Messrs. Broadwood's.

AN open-air concert of Burns' songs, which it is intended shall be given annually, was held on the 10th ult., on the banks of the Doon, in the neighbourhood of the poet's monument. The concert was held on the eastern skirt of Carrick Hill overlooking Burns' monument and cottage, and Alloway Kirk. Here in the midst of a partially wooded slope of great extent the platform for a chorus of 450 voices and band was erected, and around this an audience numbering many thousands at an early hour in the afternoon congregated. So far as the weather was concerned the day was one of the finest of the year, a bright unclouded sun being tempered by a cooling breeze coming up from the sea. The purity of the atmosphere, too, gave the spectators the advantage of a prospect of immense extent over sea and land, including the whole of Arran, which with Goatfell stood out in relief with unusual distinctness, the Mull of Cantyre stretching to the north and south far beyond the limits of Arran, and the Firth of Clyde with its bordering hills could be traced up into its farthest northern arms, while even the huge head and shoulders of Ben Lomond, sixty miles distant as the crow flies, could be dimly discerned looming out of the haze. So spirited was the singing that the parts could be distinctly heard at Alloway Kirk, three-quarters of a mile away. The programme included such well-known songs as "A Man's a Man for a' that," "Ye Banks and Braes," "My Love is like a red, red Rose," "My Nannie's Awa'," "The Dell's awa' wi' the Exciseman," "Duncan Gray," "Corn Rigs," "Wanderin' Willie," "Auld Lang Syne," etc., in all sixteen songs. There were between 11,000 and 12,000 persons present.

MISS ALMA MURRAY brought the Wagner Society's season to a successful termination on the 5th ult., with a dramatic reading at Steinway Hall. Miss Murray's engaging personality, added to her sympathetic insight as an interpreter of poetry, considerably impressed her audience. She has a sweet and sympathetic voice, and reads with great delicacy of intonation and sweet impressiveness. What she wants in physical power and grandeur she makes up for by intensity and a sensitiveness to the different shades of an author's meaning, which makes her hearers sympathize with its acute intelligence. The programme comprised selections from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," from "As You Like It," from Browning's "Pippa Passes," and from poems by Shelley and Victor Hugo. One of the most successful readings was an eulogy of Richard Wagner, written in 1868 by John Payne, who was one of the first in England to recognize his genius. In rendering the monologue of the little silk-worker in Browning's poem Miss Murray was particularly natural and pleasing; and Shelley's "Ginevra" was a selection well suited to her delicately imaginative style. It was no light task to sustain the interest of an audience on a July afternoon in such lengthy pieces as some which Miss Murray delivered, but she succeeded in doing so completely, and the reading altogether was a rich intellectual and artistic treat for those capable of appreciating exquisite grace, dramatic diction, and polished elocution.

"The Dream of St. Jerome."

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR,—Since my former letter, I have another curious fact to mention, which completes the imposture of "The Dream of St. Jerome." It has been pointed out to me that the *alligretto* which forms the second portion of the piece is almost identical with the Welsh air "Merch Megan," or "Megan's Daughter," the original of which will be found in the "Royal Edition of the Songs of Wales," edited by Brinley Richards. The choice of the air does more credit to the nationality of the adapter than to his honesty or taste.

It would be an interesting subject of inquiry, with which I will not now occupy your readers, why a fraud

should be successful in music which in literature would be unmasked and denounced in a moment. Unfortunately, music seems peculiarly open to such deceptions, and they all appear to thrive. Weber's "Last Waltz" (Reissiger), Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" and Variations in A, Beethoven's "Adieu to the Piano," Schubert's "Adieu," are all instances of prosperous impostures. The pretty tune of "Those Evening Bells"—which by Moore himself, who first brought it into notice, is labelled "Air—The Bells of St. Petersburg"—is now published with variations as "By Beethoven." But "The Dream of St. Jerome" is certainly the most barefaced and complete of all the list. The others were produced abroad; unhappily the last is the work of a native of the United Kingdom, and has had its chief sale in this country.

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE GROVE.

JUNE 24.

Notices of New Music.

POHLMANN AND SON.

"Theme with variations for the Pianoforte," by Alfred F. Christensen.

An interesting reproduction of the old classical "Tema con Variazioni." The variations comprise a Larghetto, with harp-like accompaniment, a Fughetta, a Presto Staccato, and a brilliant Finale à la Polonaise which can be made most effective.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY.

"Sketches in Dance Rhythms for the Pianoforte," by Eskine Allon.

The sketches consist of a sparkling if not very original Tarantella, a Waltz in somewhat broken rhythm after the style of Chopin, and a dainty minuet in the measured rhythm of the well-known minuet from "Don Giovanni." The minuet is refined in phrasing, and gives scope for the display of a delicate touch.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

"Pölnischer Tanz für Violine mit Begleitung des Pianoforte," von W. Wilson-Barker.

A Polish dance of characteristic rhythm for the Violin, with a graceful accompaniment for the Piano. Vigorous in attack, and would make an effective concert-piece. Why this German title for an English production?

WEEKES AND CO.

Sonata in E flat for the Pianoforte, by Wm. Arthur Blakeley.

It is refreshing in these days of "Aubades" and "Blottesses," to come across a Sonata of the good old type. This Sonata is not too long, and is brilliant but not difficult. The Rondo Finale in the style of "Il Moto Perpetuo" is its best feature. We notice a misprint in the time on p. 12.

"A Golden Promise," words by Edward Oxenford, Music by Henry T. Tiltman.

A taking song in the style of "The Lost Chord." It has a graceful accompaniment for the Piano, and parts for the Violin and Organ are also supplied.

"Abendlied" (Evening Song), and "Im Rosenbusch die Liebe schlief" (Love awakened by Spring), words by Hoffmann von Fallersleben, translation by Dr. Baskerville, music by J. H. Le Breton Girdlestone.

Mr. Girdlestone has fully caught the spirit of Hoffmann von Fallersleben's beautiful words. The style reminds us of Raff, and it is satisfactory that our imitators of the modern German School should produce such pleasing results as these two charming songs.

"Between the Darkness and the Day," by R. A. Briggs, and "Flotsam" by John J. Gower, Mus. Doc. Oxon.

Two smoothly written, sentimental Drawing-room Songs.



To the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC,

23 Paternoster Row.

SIR,—Since you have published my answer to your correspondent with regard to finger exercises, I have had such a quantity of letters from readers of your Magazine that I cannot possibly answer them. But I shall be happy to send you, for the benefit of your readers, a few chapters of my work now preparing for publication "Practical Guide to Touch and Expression."

The first chapters contain Pianoforte Gymnastics, to prepare the fingers—the results of twenty-seven years' teaching!

Believe me yours truly,

BERNHARD ALTHAUS,

R.A.M. Leipzig and Berlin.

92 ELGIN ROAD, MAIDA VALE,
June 26, 1886.

Pianoforte-Gymnastics.

By BERNARD ALTHAUS, Professor of Music.*

CHAPTER I.

STIFF FINGERS.

WHO wishes to work well, must have good tools!

The pianist's tools are his fingers. He must, first of all, render them good and useful instruments.

Most pupils who come to me complain that they have stiff fingers. Let all my young friends take comfort!

There are no stiff fingers!

In some cases there may be a natural stiffness, caused by malformation; or casual stiffness, caused by accident; or temporary, yea, momentary stiffness, caused by the player's bad habits! But the fingers are not naturally stiff. It is the *player* who has a natural (or acquired) stiff and awkward way of using them!

The action of the fingers may also, from nervousness, overstraining of the brain, and many unconscious tricks during reading and playing, as frowning and the like, become stiff!

It is likewise sometimes difficult to play and fingers are apt to be very stiff, unwieldy and *unwilling* to play, immediately after they have been for an hour or two engaged in totally different occupations or games—as writing, sewing, cricketing, rowing, carrying heavy weights, etc. In all such cases the fingers ought first to be properly prepared for playing. I shall later on give exercises for accidental stiffness, for natural stiffness rarely exists.

What is it, then, that so often causes fingers to be stiff? Why are some fingers *regularly stiff*? Even after playing hundreds of Finger Exercises and Scales?

Let us strike at the *root* of the evil!

There are, then, no naturally stiff fingers, but there is such a thing as a *stiff elbow*. Most players, as far as my experience of twenty-seven years goes, have stiff elbows, or, if not, *stiffen them during playing*!

The root of the evil is in the elbow!

And those hundreds of Exercises and Scales they may have wearied over were played with a *stiff elbow*, not with *loose fingers*!

Note this: If the elbow be stiff, or, if the player holds it stiffly, if he turns it *out*, instead of turning it *in* towards the waist, the *wrist* will become *stiff* also! Mischief Number One! The stiffness of the wrist communicates itself to the whole *hand*, to every individual *finger*, yea, to the very *tips* of the fingers. Mischief Numbers Two, Three and Four!

All the various nerves, muscles, sinews, tendons and joints are so closely connected and react upon one another, that stiffness in *one single part* directly causes

* By kind permission we now publish the above extract from Mr. B. Althaus's work on "Musical Touch and Expression." The author reserves for himself all rights of re-publication in book-form and translations into other languages.

stiffness in another, thus interfering with the free action of the whole apparatus for playing!

Our first object then must be: To remove this not natural, but accidental, stiffness, and, in order to commence at the beginning, first render the arms loose, by Gymnastic Exercises.

For what follows, no piano is required, a distinct advantage in more than *one* way.

I. Noiseless Exercises for the Arm.

1. Throw both arms out, in front, at full length, so that they are perfectly flat. The elbow must be quite drawn *in*, not protrude in any way. Do this exercise very quickly and energetically, at least eight times, and should the elbows be *very stiff*, sixteen times.

2. Throw the right arm to the right and the left one to the left, eight times.

3. Throw quickly the right arm to the left and the left arm to the right, so that they cross each other. Eight times.

4. Throw both arms upwards, four times; then downwards, also four times.

5. Turn both arms and hands right round, so that the outer joints of the elbow are in a straight line with the open palms. Eight times.

N.B. It is good to shake the hands vigorously and as long as possible after each exercise!

II. Noiseless Exercises for Elbow and Wrist.

1. Stretch out both arms slowly, lightly and loosely, yet fully, so that the elbows are flattened out; then draw them gently back again. Do this slowly from eight to sixteen times.

2. Place both arms and elbows close to your waist and hold them there quite still and stiff! Then throw very quickly and with great force both hands down, without moving elbows or arms from their position. Eight times. After this, throw both hands up eight times, then to the left, and finally to the right, always eight times—each way!

Remember: arms and elbows must be pressed firmly to the waist, and be kept still and stiff!

The wrist will thus gradually become *independent* of the elbow.

III. Noiseless Hand and Finger Exercises.

1. Press the tip of each *single* finger, (only one at a time) on a table or anything hard, till it is perfectly *warm*, or, better still, hot. Repeat this every five minutes or oftener, whenever the fingers feel cold, dull, limp, lazy and lifeless, or when they are tired, and therefore entirely unfit for playing properly.

2. Shake both hands vigorously, till they are thoroughly aglow with warmth. Repeat this after every gymnastic or musical exercise, or difficult passage!

3. Shake the fingers of both hands as hard as possible—raddling them, in fact, till they feel perfectly loose. This is for some people difficult to do.

Keep on trying, till you can do it!

(BERNHARD ALTHAUS.)

(To be continued.)

On his journey through Paris to St. Petersburg, Herr Rubinstein, it is said, informed a friend that his net profits in the 105 "historical" and other recitals, which he has given since last October, amounted in round numbers to £20,000.

AT AN EVENING CONCERT.—During a concert recently, when the organist was exhibiting the full power of the instrument, a lady was enthusiastically conversing with her neighbour about her household arrangements. She suited the tones of her voice to those of the organ, but reckoned not upon her hot this time. The organist made a sudden transition from "fortissimo" to "pianissimo" without giving the lady warning; consequently, the audience were somewhat amused at being informed by her, in a shout, that "We fried ours in butter!"

THE END OF MUSIC.

Oh! surely melody from heaven was sent

To cheer the soul, when tired with human strife;

To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,

And soften down the rugged road of life.

II. K. WHITE.

FOR THE MUSICAL.—Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings.—ADDISON.



IN order to stimulate the literary, musical, and artistic activities of our readers, we propose to offer from month to month a series of prizes for the best examples of one or other form of Composition.

Musical Plebiscite.

The attention of our readers is directed to the Musical Plebiscite, announced in another part of the Magazine. We hope the project will be taken up heartily. Every purchaser of the August, September, and October numbers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC will be entitled to take part in this competition, for which the prize is a seventy guinea Schiedmayer & Sohne gold medal piano. The instrument is in handsome walnut case. We give herewith reduced photograph, showing interior. Competitors are not forbidden to take the opinion of their friends.



Original Verse.

One Guinea will be given for the best words for a Song. The verses must not run to more than thirty lines; and the prize will only be given to words which satisfy the requirements of poetic feeling, lyrical movement, and technical accuracy. A happy title is of importance. Preference will be given to words suitable for singing by the bass or baritone voice. MS. must reach the Editor not later than Sept. 10.

Voluntary for Harmonium.

Two Guineas will be given for the best Voluntary for Harmonium. It must not exceed in length, when printed, four pages of this magazine. The prize will not be awarded to any composition which does not satisfy the requirements of technical accuracy. Twenty-five copies of the October number, containing the prize Voluntary, will be presented to the successful composer. Pieces in competition must reach the Editor not later than August 25.

Illustrated Christmas Carol.

A Five Guinea Musical-Box, from the celebrated factory of Messrs. Paillard & Co., will be given for the best original drawings illustrating a Christmas Carol. Competitors have the utmost freedom as to the words they select for illustration, so long as these are non-copyright. Grace and expression in the sketches, rather than intricacy, should be aimed at. The successful illustrations will be reproduced in the Christmas number. Drawings should reach the Editor not later than October 1.

86, HILL ST., GARMETHILL, GLASGOW.
26th June, 1886.

Dear Sir,
I have to acknowledge with thanks, the safe arrival today of the Violinists output, kindly forwarded to me as a prize for naming the twelve greatest violinists of this century.
The Violin, Bow, Case, and Music. stand (to mention only a few of the various articles comprising the output) are, I feel bound to say, not unworthy of the terms on which you described them when announcing the competition—they are indeed of the handsomest pattern.
Again thanking you I am,
Yours faithfully,
The Editor
Magazine of Music
London.

Questions and Answers.

ANNIE.—Cultivate your memory.

FREDERIC B.—We shall be giving series of letters by Dr. Reinecke during the next six months, which you will find of great assistance. They contain advice suited to your needs.

SNOWDROP.—We never heard that the poem was set to music. There are histories of music, but in reference to these you must inquire at some library.

NINON.—Try again. We could not give an opinion on your powers; why not test the amount of knowledge you possess by "going in" for one of the examinations?

ELOCUTIONIST.—The speaking voice usually begins to lose power and volume at between fifty and sixty years of age. RUBY RING.—Why not select an instrument in playing which you will not have to stretch an octave with the right hand? The violin only demands the fingers of the left hand.

BOHEMIAN GIRL.—Your warm appreciation of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC is gratifying. We thank you sincerely for your good wishes. The Secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, 4 Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W., will give you information on the subject of certificates in music. For examination a fee of one guinea is demanded, which is remitted to those who are successful candidates. The entrance fee is £5 and the fees for instruction £10 per term, of which there are three annually.

A DEVONSHIRE MAIDEN.—John Macintosh is believed to have died in 1840.

E. A. SNOWDON (BURMAH).—We know an old song called "Au clair de la lune" very well. It is a Canadian patois song, but probably had an earlier origin. L. E. L. were the initials of Letitia Elizabeth Landon, the poetess who married Mr. McLean, the governor of Sierra Leone, and died there in 1838. Many of her poems were set to music.

WOULD-BE ARTISTE.—It is evident you are suffering from self-consciousness.

ELSIE GRAHAM.—The lines sent as a specimen are incorrect in formation, not to speak of the complete absence of any original idea or beautiful simile.

DISAPPOINTED ONE.—Your little poem is very freely written and expresses good sound sentiments, but you have not yet learned the art of mere verse-making. In some lines the beat falls on the wrong words, and there are superfluous syllables in the last verse.

DAVID GILCHRIST.—The two most distinct and obvious forms of cadence are such as are formed either by the succession of dominant or of subdominant and tonic harmony, and these are respectively called Authentic and Plagal cadences. You will find some Scandinavian songs in the January issue, and articles upon Scandinavian composers in parts 22, 23, and 24 of vol. ii. of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC. We are glad you appreciate the Magazine, and thank you for the subscribers you have obtained.

A RUSSIAN GIRL.—You will find the "Primers" published by Novello very useful. We do not think you would hurt your voice at all, but, on the contrary, improve your vocalization and render your voice more flexible. The song "Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer," is from the opera of "Lurline," by Wallace. It has been used as a hymn. You can procure the original song at any music-seller's.

W. F. BUTTRUM.—The first volume of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC is out of print; a copy may be seen, however, at the British Museum. "Technicon," see answer to "Reader."

JOHN DAVIDSON.—The difference lies in the names of the songs given.

LYRINGO, READER, K.—We shall give a sketch of Mr. Brotherhood's "Technicon" in next number and further information.

E. A. BELCHER (SAN FRANCISCO).—"One Face to Me:" your composition does not satisfy the requirements of lyrical feeling and technical accuracy. We shall be glad, however, to look through any MSS. you may forward. We and Martin Queru thank you for your good wishes and kind offer.

FREDERIC TYLER.—You can see the "Technicon" in the Canadian department of the Colonial Exhibition.

M. SLOANE.—Christmas number, advertised in *Quiver*, is now out of print.

WALTER CARDEN.—Read "The Voice, Musically and Medically Considered," by Mr. Arnaud Semple, Physician to the Royal Society of Musicians. The writer says much concerning improper voice production, and the consequent excessive strain on the organs which lead to disease of various kinds. The treatment for various diseases of the throat is given.

BESSIE.—Moll and Dur are the German terms for Minor and Major.

VOCALIST.—Charles Santley is the most distinguished of Nava's scholars. Nava's *soffeggi* and *vocalizzi* may be obtained through any music-seller.


J. MACKINNON.—We shall be glad to receive your address, Mr. T. C. Martin having omitted to send same.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, published on the 1st of every month. Subscription price 7s. 6d. per annum, post free, payable in advance.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor: MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, 23 Paternoster Row. Contributions and letters must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but for the information of the Editor. It is desired that names be written distinctly to avoid mistakes. MS. cannot be returned unless stamps are sent for that purpose, and no responsibility for safe return can be accepted. We cannot undertake to return any MS., music, or drawing sent in for prize competition, therefore a copy should be retained by the sender.

Complaints reach us of non-delivery of MAGAZINE. These chiefly arise from illegible or otherwise defective addresses, or from orders being enclosed with competition pieces. Orders should be separately addressed "MESSRS. KENT & Co., 23 Paternoster Row, London, E.C."



Prize Competition

The conditions stated are subject to modification up to last issue of this Magazine prior to closing of competition. The Editor cannot undertake to notice any communications from Competitors. Letters from Competitors asking the results of competitions constantly reach us. To all we must reply that such information is given only in these columns.

The Prizes are subject to be re-announced if the pieces lodged are not held to have sufficient merit.

All pieces in Competition are to be marked outside with the title of Competition, and bear name of Competitor, or *nom de plume*. Address, COMPETITION EDITOR, 60 Old Bailey, London, E.C.

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MAGAZINE OF MUSIC SUPPLEMENT
AUGUST, 1886.



JOHAN S. SVENDSEN.

THE VIOLET.

Words by
L. J. NICOLSON.

Music by
JOHAN S. SVENDSEN.

Moderato.

VOICE *p* A

PIANO. *p* *pp*

dark sky, cold and cheer-less The fo- rest, leaf-less drear, Yet

with her blue eye fear-less, The Vi-o-let is here.

poco cres. Bright pi-o-neer up-spring-ing, De-fi-ant, sweet and true, To

poco cres.

sempre cres.

earth in glad - ness bring - ing, A part of hea - ven's blue: Thou

sempre cres.

com - est like one sing - ing A song of joys to come Thy

dim.

lone voice clear - ly ring - ing, When all the land is dumb. But

con allegrezza ma pp

song and beau - ty meet - ing, Our hearts then cap - tive led - The

*pp il tempo poco animato**mf**dim.*

dolce *a tempo* *mf*

brigh - ter days are greet - ing, And thou art ly - ing dead Shall

p *poco rit.* *a tempo*

più vivo *f*

we mid sum - mers splen - dour Thy bright blue eye for - get, And

mf ed ancora più vivo

il tempo riten. *ff* *molto ritard.*

no dear tri - bute ren - der, To thee sweet Vi - o -

f il tempo riten. *cres. al* *ff molto ritard.*

tempo primo

let.

pp

Ad.

GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Duet for Violin and Pianoforte.

Composed by
KARL HAHN.
F. S. Sc.

Allegro moderato.

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

pizz. *pp* *arco* *pizz.* *pp*

pp

arco *p*

p



The first system of musical notation consists of a single melodic line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody features eighth and sixteenth notes with slurs. The piano part includes chords and moving lines in both hands, with a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking at the end of the system.



The second system continues the musical piece. The melodic line shows more complex rhythmic patterns with slurs. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth notes and chords. The system concludes with a double bar line.



The third system of musical notation shows the continuation of the melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part has a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass. The system ends with a double bar line.



The fourth system of musical notation is the final system on this page. It continues the melodic and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note pattern in the bass. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The first system of musical notation on page 59. It consists of a single treble staff and a grand staff (treble and bass staves). The treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and contains a melodic line with several accents. The grand staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and contains a complex accompaniment with many beamed sixteenth notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking appears in the middle of the grand staff.

The second system of musical notation on page 59. It consists of a single treble staff and a grand staff. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The grand staff features a dense, rhythmic accompaniment. Below the grand staff, there are four markings that appear to be "Ped." (pedal) or similar, indicating a sustained pedal point or a specific rhythmic pattern.

The third system of musical notation on page 59. It consists of a single treble staff and a grand staff. The treble staff has a "cresc." (crescendo) marking. The grand staff also has a "cresc." marking. The accompaniment in the grand staff is very active, with many beamed notes. Below the grand staff, there are four markings that appear to be "Ped." or similar.

The fourth system of musical notation on page 59. It consists of a single treble staff and a grand staff. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The grand staff features a complex accompaniment. Below the grand staff, there are four markings that appear to be "Ped." or similar.



First system of musical notation. The top staff is a single melodic line. The bottom two staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clef). Dynamics include *f* (forte) and accents (^).



Second system of musical notation. The top staff continues the melody. The bottom two staves feature complex harmonic textures. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and accents (^).



Third system of musical notation. The top staff has a more active melody. The bottom two staves have dense chordal accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte).



Fourth system of musical notation. The top staff includes tempo markings: *rit.* (ritardando), *p* (piano), and *a tempo*. The bottom two staves also include *rit.*, *p*, and *a tempo* markings. Accents (^) are present.



This musical score is for a piano and violin duo, spanning five systems. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

System 1: The violin part begins with a melodic line marked *p* (piano) and *dolce* (sweet). The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line, also marked *p*. The system concludes with a *dolce* marking and a fermata over the final notes.

System 2: The violin part continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *Ad.* (Ad libitum) in the bass line, indicating a section of improvisation or free rhythm.

System 3: The violin part features a melodic line with a *pizz.* (pizzicato) marking. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *arco* (arco), indicating a section of sustained sound.

System 4: The violin part continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *pizz.* (pizzicato) in the bass line.

System 5: The violin part concludes with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *pizz.* (pizzicato) in the bass line.

GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Duet for Violin and Pianoforte.

Allegro moderato.

Composed by
KARL HAHN.

F. S. Sc.

The musical score is written for Violin and Pianoforte. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The score consists of 10 staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features various dynamics including *pp*, *p*, *f*, and *cresc.*, as well as articulations like *pizz.* (pizzicato), *arco* (arco), and *tr* (trills). The score is a duet for Violin and Pianoforte.

Violin score for page 64, featuring ten staves of music. The score includes various dynamics and articulations:

- Staff 1: *f* (forte)
- Staff 2: *f* (forte)
- Staff 3: *f* (forte)
- Staff 4: *rit.* (ritardando), *p* (piano), *a tempo* (al tempo)
- Staff 5: *p* (piano)
- Staff 6: *p* (piano)
- Staff 7: *f* (forte)
- Staff 8: *f* (forte)
- Staff 9: *dolce* (dolce), *pizz.* (pizzicato), *pp* (pianissimo)
- Staff 10: *arco* (arco), *pizz.* (pizzicato), *pp* (pianissimo)